Rev. WM. BOOTH, General. T. H. ADAMS, Commissioner.

The War Cry

The All Round the World Salvation Army Chariot. Registered June 1885

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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THE ROUND OF LIFE!

Oh! how very interesting it is to watch the change—almost magic—the life that flows for years, so full of sin and darkness, changed in a twinkling!

The cut in the centre of this page is a very forcible picture of real life. How sad have our hearts been made, times out of number, at the sickening sight of a soul bordering on the abyss of eternal sorrow, and as we have traced back we have found, again and again, that when the eyes of the poor deluded victim first saw the light and came sweeping into the world, it was under very favourable circumstances. The little lamb was nestled closely to a fond mother's breast, and handled gently by a tender father—both praying that God would bless the child sent to them. School days have glided by, the romping prattling feet have roamed through the home, bright hopes have filled the fond parents' hearts, and during the education of their boy or girl everything has seemed to give every encouragement for a blessed future. School days ended—the boy of many prayers is sent forth into the world to engage in the occupation chosen for his future. Very soon the surrounding element of sin, in the companions of the work-shop or office, tolls its tale, and the child is persuaded—that one glass, one smoke will not do any harm, and foolishly the child yields and takes a draught of the hellish fluid—'TIS DOWN! The yearning for more of the abominable poison steals into the heart deeper, until he (or she) is found sitting, idling their time away and spending their hours in the saloon, encircled by a crowd of men and women who are careless and indifferent of the future of their souls, and consequently they are not in a position to give any help. Then follows a life of great sorrow—mixed up in bar-room fights and found drunk on the streets, a disgrace to themselves and a source of heart-break to their sorrowing parents. But, thank God, how many times have we been compelled to shout "Hallelujah!" and give expressions of joy at the falling tear and penitent cry of such ones? After years of untold misery, these poor wanderers, when cast out of society, without a shelter, unfeelingly trampled on by many who should be the first to help them, are often attracted by the sound of the drum, the blast of the cornet, or the voice of brave men and women who march the streets night after night, and are brought to our barracks in a vile condition of body and soul. Very often we look from our platforms and notice the falling tear and heavy sigh, as the Story of Calvary is repeated over and over by men and women in simple, plain and unmistakable language—language that pierces and penetrates the hard and rocky heart, and brings back the mellow influences of a family altar, and the recollection of a mother's prayer, till we see them come boldly out and cry unto God for deliverance and mercy, and what a heavenly smile has soon played on their countenances as the peace of God has filled their souls, and they have risen up new creatures in Christ Jesus, filled with a desire to get others into the same joy as they experience. This desire ripens, and many are led to enter our Training Homes, where they are fitted for waging a good warfare against the powers of hell, and for years they fight well, and by the time the Clock of the world's destiny strikes twelve, and they pass from earth to heaven, they have won for the kingdom of God thousands of souls.

Oh, how true that God can break the power of sin and set the slave free, and take hold of men and women and make them a blessing to all around. May He help us to fight faithfully on, and gather up as many as possible.

COMMISSIONER.

SHOT AND SHELL.

OFFICER
SOUL WINNER.
SADLY
MARCH OUT
PENITENT FORM
MARRIAGE
WIFE BEATING
DRUNKARD
DRUNKARD
DRUNKARD

WANTED!

1,000 Candidates

FOR GOD AND THE ARMY.

The poor world with its teeming millions. It does need our deepest sympathy and assistance. It groans beneath its load of sin and debauchery. Reeling to and fro, rocking like a drunken man, staggering along on its hell-bound course. Bye-and-bye it will be gone, gone into the regions beyond to suffer, to die, and yet not die. Oh, let us think of the need to help their souls. Let us look upon these perishing ones as Jesus did. Let us listen to the Voice, like unto that voice that spoke unto Lot and said,

"Arise up Quickly and Gird Thyself,"

Oh, what a change in the attitude of this world towards God, if every follower of the Lamb would but gird on the armour and take a bold stand for the world's Salvation!

We are now putting forth every effort to secure 1,000 candidates for our work during the next twelve months. This amount does not seem much when we remember what the officers and soldiers of God and the Army can do if they will but try.

The year that has just gone has been fruitful in the work. We have had 676 applications as candidates for the opportunities presented in the work for soul-saving. If this can be accomplished by the efforts we have put forth, I am confident great things can be done by a little extra push on the part of every officer in the Dominion.

We are struggling in need of candidates for the following branches of our work:—

For the Field.

That is, men and women who have the capabilities for getting sinners saved and making them into bright and useful soldiers of Jesus and the Army. Men and women who are prepared to go out and seek the lost and dying, visit the erring one, lift up the fallen, sympathize with those in need, weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. This is a good, glorious life for all who have a desire to be used in the service of God, and who are desirous of having an

Abundant Entrance into Heaven.

Many are trammelled by their friends. They have the inward conviction of being their duty to offer themselves for the fight, BUT—ah that cruel BUT, how it mars the peace and brings in the death stroke to the soul, and encircles it in a deep gloom. There are many who allow the idle suggestion of the devil to rob them of their joy and heaven on earth. Then the demand for candidates for

Our Rescue Branch

is very appalling. We have just opened Homes in Stratford, and London, where we have been compelled to send officers, which has naturally made our staff of officers in Toronto very small, and I plead for volunteers for this branch of labor and love. The opportunities in this work are great. We have other offers, and are eager to launch out and secure Homes, but we need real

Whole-Hearted, Devoted Women,

full of love to God and souls, charged with a deep compassion for the lost. This is a dangerous field, where only the effective ability may be short or who cannot sing a solo so well, and who feel they could not do for field officers. Here is your chance, sister, an open door that will lead you into a path rich with blessing and full of victory. Here is a work so marvellous triumphs for your God, whom you say you love so much. Come now, don't linger any longer, but send in your application then and come and help the little band of brave women who are doing as much as twice their number should do. There are thousands waiting for a kind word and a hand of help, waiting for a broken, sorrowing heart—cruelly beaten in the struggle of sin and woe, betrayed, lost, forsaken. Helpless in themselves they call out piteously for your assistance.

Another branch that needs volunteers very urgently is

Our Prison-Gate Brigade.

Men are needed of *sterling quality*, men who have been touched with the sympathetic hand of Jesus, and who can lead deep-dyed sinners from the bondage of the prison houses into sweet fellowship with Him who has died for them.

This branch of work is causing quite a stir in all parts throughout the Dominion, and promises to be a very extensive branch of our operations. We purpose visiting the prison gates and offering the hand of help and love to those who have set free from their bondage, and care for their souls and give them a chance, and get them into the fold of Christ. Such is our object is to get them saved, and the demand for

Proper, Competent People

is great. We set upon the principle of "*thief catch thief*," but we have a proviso, and it is that one of the thieves who tries to catch a thief is a thief saved by the grace of God. So if you have been saved from this sin or other sins of breaking the laws of the land, and for such have been imprisoned, offer yourself and come to help us get other souls into the Harbour of Safety.

The same applies to all ex-jail birds. Give the Kingdom the benefit of your past experiences by plunging in and saving some one else. Think of what you have been delivered from. Think of the mercy of God to you and remember that the same power lives to-day to save and liberate others.

What a calamity it is that the work is so far impeded by so many people holding back and not demonstrating their practical love to Jesus. It is all very nice to say "I love Jesus," but I implore you to not only say so with your lips, but let your actions in this matter prove to all round about you that in deed and truth you not only love the sinners' Friend, but that the eternal welfare of all those outside the fold of Christ is one of the greatest considerations of your life.

We are just now very anxious to do something for our

German Population,

and invite all our German-speaking soldiers who want a platform of usefulness for God and souls to send along your application.

We cannot offer you very much glittering gold or a very easy-going life.

The Path is a Rough One

that leads to the deep deep pools of iniquity in which are the gems we are seeking for our dear Lord, but there is a sweet hallowed peace given to every faithful warrior, that the world cannot produce. It can be yours. Yes, the joy of being a soul-winner is grand; it fills the aching void that listless and carelessness makes. Come, ye fallen, ye sin-sick souls, come here. Come! Come now! Don't sit another minute listening to the subtle devil, but be valiant for Jesus.

You say "I am no good; I want to go, but I am not capable." Leave that in our hands. We want your heart—that is your motive, make your application, and if we feel that you are incapable, then the responsibility passes on to us.

Sit down and write out your application to me,

Care of Candidate Department.
War Office,
Albert Street,
Toronto,

and it shall have our attention. Yours for the salvation of the world.

T. H. ADAMS, Commissioner.

PEARLS FROM MONCTON DISTRICT.

A dear invalid soldier at C——says she once had religion with the she thought was better than nothing, but since she got fully saved Salvation is worth more than all the world to her.

* * *

While we spoke in the open-air recently of man's personal responsibility to God an arrow of conviction fastened itself in a poor fellows breast, who scarcely ever attends a place of worship. He followed the Army to the barracks and wept his way to the Cross.

* * *

The Captain at C——tells me of a lady who has found out a new way of keeping the commandments. 1st. Honor thy father and mother. Easy enough to do that they are both dead. 2nd. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. That's all the thing else I have no horse and buggy, and can't afford to hire one. 3rd. Thou shalt not kill. Don't kill anyone for fear they would hang me, and I haven't the right neck for hanging. 4th. Love thy neighbor. Can't quarrel with them they never come near me.

* * *

Eight soldiers out for cleansing from unbelief at a certain corps recently. Results, two unbelievers crying for mercy the next meeting.

* * *

Soldiers, get cleansed from the sin of unbelief, and sinners shall be converted.

* * *

Bro. H. thanked God for the blessing the S. A. had been to him personally, remarking that it had made him a better Presbyterian, and said too Army should have his sympathy and support in return.

Where are the pins?

Query.—Why so much open air work? Answer.—At the Drum quite recently in a village open air knelt a poor drunk and cried for salvation.

Do you expect souls in the open air?

* * *

Lieut. K. brought the house down when in the middle of a very earnest appeal, by declaring that many young men were degraded whose mothers were good men.

* * *

Campbellton is on the rise. Capt. Gerund, Lieut. Gerund, and Mrs. Gerund are full of faith for mighty victories. Two men cried for mercy on my last visit there, and still there's more to follow.

* * *

A poor backslider from God of eight years' standing returned into his Father's Home at Newcastle on my last visit, and after emptying his pockets of tobacco, etc., and laying down his sins at the Cross, was enabled to rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven and his soul once more at peace with God.

* * *

Some very important changes will be taking place in the Moncton District in a few weeks. We will let you know more about them later on.

* * *

God has been and is still graciously pouring out of His Spirit upon officers and soldiers. Results: Sinners are being saved and backsliders reclaimed.

Victory is our motto.

Yours in the war,

B. BEATTY, D. O.

HALLELUJAH WEDDING

Two Salvation Captains Joined in the Holy Bonds.

The Ceremony Performed By Rev. Mr. Deeprose—The Bride and Bridegroom Faithful Soldiers Under the Army Flag.

The Salvation Army barracks on Queen St. Ottawa, was filled to the rafters on Sept. 11th to witness the hallelujah wedding. Previous to the wedding there was quite a lively speculation as to where the bride would come from, and in such extraordinary profusion as to astonish Captain Elliott herself, who hadn't the slightest idea of where half the good things that kept pouring in, came from.

The meeting was opened by Capt. Magee giving out verse 62, and after a very short testimony meeting was held. At 8.45 the wedding procession entered the hall in the following order: Capt. Clifton, Rev. Mr. Deeprose, Capt. Savage, Capt. Helen Victoria Graham, (the bride) Capt. Lindsay (the groom) and Capt. Moss. When the party reached the platform they were received with loud volleys from the soldiers and sympathizers, and Capt. Clifton gave the hymn "Rolled away," and after a few short testimonies he read from the 5th chapter of Ephesians.

The Wedding.

After reading the Word of God, the Major said it afforded him great pleasure to be present at the wedding. He spoke of the happiness of the people about to be married had been in the work. Capt. Lindsay, the groom, of Lindsay, now in charge of the Stratford corps, had been an officer for some years, and had been instrumental in bringing a number of souls to Jesus, and his bride, the bride, of Stirling, in charge of the Waterloo corps, had been in the war some years, and her great aim in life was to bring souls into the Kingdom. Both were officers of his division. He hoped they would always be useful officers in the Army, to the honor of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

After reading the articles of marriage of the Salvation Army, the Major asked the bride and groom to stand up, and they did and the Major asked them if they held up the standard bearer. Capt. Moss acted as bridesmaid and Capt. Savage as groomsman. The Rev. Mr. Deeprose performed the marriage ceremony.

The bride wore the regular Army captain's uniform of navy blue with trimmings of scarlet, supplemented by a broad white sash fastened on the left shoulder and tied in a knot at the right side. The groom also wore his regimental uniform of China. The lasses of the Training Home also wore sashes of white, which seemed to be the badge of a Hallelujah wedding. A large and well bouquets presented to the bride ornamented the banqueting room.

Address by Mr. Deeprose.

After the wedding Mr. Deeprose addressed the audience. He loved the Salvation Army for several reasons. He loved them for believing that man had a soul. Another reason he had made to God because they tried to bring the soul and God together. He loved the Army because they believed in a Saviour and after receiving Christ they went distributing Salvation to all the world.

The bride and groom spoke, and both thanked God they were in the Salvation Army war. Capt. Savage and Capt. Moss also spoke. The major then called upon Capt. Elliott. She was received with loud clapping of hands and volleys, showing the high esteem in which she is held by the citizens of Ottawa. She thanked the people for the liberal manner in which they had contributed to her appeal for help for the banquet. The number at the table before the ceremony had been large, still the tables in the hall had been loaded with good things, and she invited all present down to have supper with the newly wedded couple.

After a short prayer meeting, during which one soul professed conversion, some 200 went down to the supper.—*Ottawa Evening Journal.*

OPENING OF

Rescue Home

AT STRATFORD.

BY—

Commissioner & Mrs. Adams.

Wednesday, Sept 10th, was a busy day indeed at Stratford, this being the occasion of the Commissioner's first visit, and at the same time the occasion on which was to be opened a Rescue Home for this city.

Major Philpott and several officers, who had come in good time, met the 4.30 train and gave a hearty welcome to the Commissioner and Mrs. Adams as they alighted from the train accompanied by Colonel Young, Major Taylor, Adjt. Tassie, Capt. Mackenzie and Lieut. Smith, who had been selected as officers for the Rescue Home.

In a very few minutes all were right easily enseconced in the officers' quarters, and in good time a banquet was spread when several friends, who are deeply interested in the Rescue Work, were present, including Mrs. Cook who has given the furnished house for our Rescue Home, and Mr. Hill, a good friend of the Army from Clinton.

After tea was over, the Commissioner spoke at length on the Rescue Work, and gave figures and facts that melted every heart in the room.

Mrs. Cook, who had so nobly opened the way for our Rescue Work to be established here, gave a great testimony to God's power to save and keep. She had long been wishing for this day, and like a negro who had seen a great land flowing and the victory won, she could say, "Bross de Lord dat I lib to see dis day." Mr. Hill spoke to the Commissioner and the Rescue Staff she said, "You have well done that you have come."

Mr. Hill, from Clinton, testified that Jesus saved him and kept him day by day, and that he was thankful that he had possessed should be devoted to the Kingdom of God and the Salvation of souls.

Colonel Cadman then spoke very forcibly and urged all present to help forward the Rescue Work in Stratford to the utmost of their ability.

Adjt. Tassie, the "Mother" of the Toronto Rescue Home, gave her experience of the Rescue Work in Toronto, and then Commissioner introduced Capt. Mackenzie and Lieut. Smith as the Rescue officers for this city. Both responded with a hearty volley, and both gave their testimonies and vowed to do their utmost for God and souls.

The Commissioner closed in prayer, after which we went over to the Home and had a glorious time in testimony to find it just the thing for the purpose, and it is capable of accommodating 16 girls.

At 7.30 we gathered in prayer, to catch the march, which was a very good one, a short open-air was held in Market Square, and then we went right off to the barracks.

A rousing song started the meeting, and then Major Philpott prayed and some others, after which Major Leighton sang "Onward, Salvation Soldier," which went with a swing.

Colonel Young led some testimonies, which were very powerful to the soldiers, and the Commissioner followed.

In a most powerful address, which was greatly appreciated, the Commissioner described the new schemes of our Social Reform Branch. The Prison Gate, Children's Shelter, Rescue and other schemes were all evidently heartily received, and as the meeting went on and Mrs. Adams, Adjt. Tassie, and the Stratford Rescue officers spoke, much sympathy was manifested. A liberal collection was given on the spot.

A prayer meeting was held and a separate meeting made to get souls saved, but none yielded to the call.

We are full of faith for the success of the Rescue Work in Stratford.

War Cry. 3

The Great EIGHTH Anniversary.

WONDERFUL MEETINGS.

MARVELOUS MARCHES.

BIG CROWDS.

A Good Start—Old Friends Come Back.

The Commissioner Inspired.

COL. CADMAN ALL THERE.

The Staff Rod Hot—Great Exhibitions and Trophies—Casting out Devils by Gaslight—Saved Drunks—Rescued Lasses.

Practical Philanthropy

PRISON GATE WORK.

THE WHOLE DOMINION TO BE ROUSED.

Wonderful heading this, but wonderful is the glaring characters are, yet far more wonderful were the great manifestations of God's presence, spirit, and power as felt throughout the whole series of meetings.

Never was greater preparation made for Sept. 11th, when Col. Cadman arrived at the Temple, and the H.Q. Staff met him to accord to him hero of a thousand battles, this modern Zacchous, this Salvation Army soldier, a hearty welcome, and he got it.

Of course the Colonel felt at home among the War Cry boys and girls, for he had not say, "I feel as if I had rocked you all in the cradle and fed you all with milk."

Time and space forbids us giving our readers the least idea of all the wonderful things the Colonel said on that afternoon. He spoke of faith, of attacking the devil in every door, of the man with no brains in his legs, of his experience in seven-travelling years of his ministry, (for the boys gave him one), and lots of other stirring stows, thrilling anecdotes and good advice, and he ended at the close of this little welcome meeting we knelt together in silent prayer for a few moments and heartily thanked our dear Lord for sending the saved Chimney Sweep into our midst. May God richly bless his efforts.

All day on Saturday, officers, staff and field came into the Queen City from various parts, showering by their faces that they had come expecting to receive something good from God. Thousands of other people throughout the Dominion to see the grand summer fair and Exhibition, and the flood of advertisements, marches, announcements, our press meetings were specially brought before these pleasure-seekers.

Saturday night's march was very good, lively affair. The Commissioner headed the procession. Colonel Cadman rode in a buggy drawn with the chief. The Staff and field officers, with the rank-and-file, brought up the rear. Two bands gave us some good music. Crowds followed the side walks, and this first march was a swinging one.

Quite a big crowd had gathered inside, considering all the other counter attractions. We noticed Major Morris and his son from the North-West. The meeting was a welcome to Colonel Cadman, the visiting Staff officers—a Saturday night "How-dye-do meeting" as the Commissioner put it. Of course all went in to enjoy themselves.

A drunk who sat on the penitent-form enjoyed it immensely. He asked the Commissioner if he was a Salvationist. When Bro. Brown, the recently converted jail-bird, and done testifying, our friend the drunk chimed in "You're crazy now." Richmond Street Jimmy ran across the floor a time or two; that other well-digger Jimmy sang as nobody else can sing. Lieut. Smith sang a solo with the chorus "Don't you get weary," which was taken up by all with great zest.

The Colonel jumped into the hearts of his audience wholesale, and in a wonderful way showed up sin in its true light. He pictured its damnable consequences. He told of the hell prepared for all who spurned offered mercy.

The Commissioner pulled in the net, and THREE precious souls cried out for deliverance—a fitting start to the Great Cadman meetings.

Special meetings were held in each city barracks, by special staff-officers. Reports of these meetings will be found later on.

It was our pleasure to put in the day at the Temple, which seemed to be the centre point of the Sunday's battle; Colonel Cadman was in charge all day. He made some good, solid, cutting remarks during the Holiness meeting. Doubtless an outline of the talk will be very interesting, so we give it. *"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the Sons of God."*

Said the Colonel, "I have seen the picture of a baby being washed by Pear's soap. The child is reaching eagerly after it trying to get it. He cries you get cleansed with the right kind of soap. You can go into the Fountain as black as the devil and come out as white as an angel. John was a man of God, a big heap of love. God's Word stands sure. When the infidels tried to destroy it, they found a small cart left unburnt containing the words "The Word of the Lord is sure." It is God's letter to us.

Enoch walked with God; in fact he was a champion walker. He walked upon arm in arm, it will be still after a month. Do something. Coming along from New York, the track became a river, the train became a boat, and we steamed along between the hills and mountains, but the train kept on the track. Commodore, keep to the right track. Said a man on board the ship I came in, "I'll never reach Canada." Well, said I, "I'm going home anyhow." They say to me, "You're a turn-coat." I said "Well, I had no coat to turn when I got saved." Then I said my brains are turned, and my heart is turned. I have been called a mad man; now I am a mad man. Christ Jesus shall appear we shall be like Him. If you are not like Him you are not saved. Some of you are very dirty as sweeps. Get up and wash. As a burglar seeks the jewellery so the devil seeks your souls. Are you safe enough in your own house if you keep the devil out on the street. The best way to keep the devil out is to keep him shut-to the door, and make a face at him out of the window.

The following sayings were uttered by the Colonel and in his own inimitable way he applied each with force and power. "Sin is a big giant." Christ the Lord came boldly up to the penitent-form from the bank of the Temple, near the door, and the Lord Jesus said, "Come unto Me." They all found deliverance.

Queen's Park was to be the rendezvous in the afternoon. The Army of the Living God marched into the park, and the sight was a grand one. The crowds were excited. The grand Woodstock band wheeled round in a circular form. The Staff and officers were in their place, and a nearly a mile long procession formed around a temporary platform, on which the Commissioner, Mrs. Adams, and Staff had taken their seats. The Colonel felt at home in a regular boil, and for nearly two hours the monstrous crowd listened with eager and rapt attention, taking in all that was said. We never remember listening to a more lively, thrilling, searching discourse, than that of the Colonel's. Never than afternoon open-air. Mother Florence and the Cadets were there, and a lot of people came from Guelph, sang. The converted French-Canadian gave a beautiful testimony, and Lieut. Brown, of Stratford, sang, and our Hallelujah tailor gave a little account of his past life. Brother Duncan hit out praying, and the Commissioner with a hearty volley, and both gave their testimonies and vowed to do their uttermost for God and souls.

The Commissioner closed in prayer, after which we went over to the Home and had a glorious time in testimony to find it just the thing for the purpose, and it is capable of accommodating 16 girls.

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Albert S. Fox, *a great casting-out of devils by gas-light.*

The T.H. boys carried the Colonel on the table for some distance in the return march to the Temple.

It would be impossible to describe the night's meeting, but the fact that *fourteen precious souls* found deliverance proves that God was there in great power. The Colonel meetings.

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Major Morris enjoyed it.

By-the-bye, I saw the Major had a little colored boy on his knee. To all appearance, the crowd who gathered around that big will was very much interested in that open-air. The following are some of Colonel Cadman's remarks during the Holiness meeting:

"If some Christians were compelled to wear a red guernsey, they would become immediately well. Sin is a disease, and cures all diseases, without physic or a single pill. He cures his patients quickly and outright. The disease which I possess is a roaring giadness.

Every unconverted man is a big fool man. Some people don't have wandered from my text, but I have stuck to the text, and I have stuck to the text. The leper was healed immediately. No clock can strike that space of time. Sin makes a minute an hour, sixty *immediately makes a moment.* The Gospel is wonderful. When Bro. Brown, the recently converted jail-bird, and done testifying, our friend the drunk chimed in "You're crazy now." Richmond Street Jimmy ran across the floor a time or two; that other well-digger Jimmy sang as nobody else can sing. Lieut. Smith sang a solo with the chorus "Don't you get weary," which was taken up by all with great zest.

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Our Battle Axe.

By the Commissioner.

We have engaged in a war, a real war. The fight is hard and severe; the way is often strewn with blood and darkness. The Enemy on field is a mighty one—next in power to God. He wields a strong and mighty influence over the world, and commands the affection and attention of the principal portion of humanity. The Enemy is an experienced commander, thoroughly in all points in deluding and carrying off captive, the souls of mankind; he has legions of followers who engage to assist him in overturning the Kingdom of our Leader and

Bring Desolation to our Troops.

Oh, how terrible is the fact that his banner with its skull and cross-bones glaringly marked on it floats defiantly on the breeze, and still leads on its millions to a burning hell to be damned.

How appalling the fact is that forces itself home to our hearts, that the devil experiences a great influence on the world and has convinced us that what is needed is something *mighter*, before the enemy can be conquered, and is it that God has mighter power, may be qualified in the school of profound education, and no matter how eloquent we may be let our sympathy flow from our lips, this seems and has been condemned as not being able to deal effectually with the case, and to apply the remedy the sorrow that sin brings. But glory to the Lamb, we have found out a mighter weapon than any the devil possesses. Jeremiah says,

"Thou art my Battle Axe"

Hallelujah! God can deal a death-blow to the powers of hell. He can split asunder the stinking shell of pufferdup conceit and self-esteem, and bring the captive of the devil into sweet submission to the Divine will of God, and make the sinner to tremble and the host of the roaring Jubilee. As we neared the hall we heard sounds of a mighty spiritual power, and hallelujas soon were sent the well-known form of Billy Byng, armed with his hammer and crowbar, quietly tearing down the walls of sin, and with the aide and workmanlike help of Capt. Alex. McLean (who accompanied us) we soon had the Temple shut-to the door, and make a face at him out of the window.

While working, some of the boys came in and said, "I've spent many a hard earned dollar in here. I'

Got Blind Drunk in Here,

but I guess its all over now. Several gangs came in and said they had spent money and aching heads and weary hearts that had been made through the traffic that had been made in these walls. Oh! who can tell of the sad lives that have been made through this, once dens of iniquity, the saved and blessed souls which satisfied not, and who can tell if there will not be many poor, tortured, damned souls in hell, to curse the day of this place as the door through which they entered eternity. May God grant to the Salvation Army that blessed work, and to be saved and prepared for Heaven instead of hell. Amen. During the day we had a gentleman who came down to see the alterations, were promptly bombarded by the D.O., who had stationed himself at the door which, we recognized by giving donations to help defray expenses. "Then awake," fairly crashed the mind, and the effect which, we soon realized that the H.T.B., was not around, when the band began to play. "Hundred-and-ninety-and-nine" was the D.O. Hundreds flocked around and some able speaking, energetic and sweet singing, and powerful praying, soon had the crowds about, during that "boiled," bilded, fizzled, and boomed. We were soon in the Temple and Lieuts. Kierstead and Harris, Soloes and testimonies interspersed with shouting "Glory," "Hallelujah," "Praise God," and other exclamations of joy kept us well interested till quite a late hour. I must not omit about the special collection which our beloved staff gainfully and willingly pulled out from the people, and which, I was told, was very plentifully over the *few*, and win every time, *Leave the past.* Let it go. Shape for the heavenly land, and let your face like Sinai against suggestions of man and devil, and with the blessed world of truth pealing from the second to the throne, step out to the right or left, but follow your Leader. He has

Never Lost a Battle,

never known defeat, and can sustain anyone who can cast their care upon Him. Bless Him.

A CORRECTION.

NOTE.—The article "Obedience to Who," which appeared in the CRY a few weeks ago, was a misrepresentation of the facts and the people concerned therein. Will our comrades make a special note.

Have you seen the new Rescue Collecting Box? 1000 people wanted to take one each. Send for one.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE Devil Moving Out.

CAPT. TOM LEAVITT.

Can such a thing be possible? come one might ask. Well, we have seen it with our own eyes, and we can testify to it in the face, that in Picton, where we have had to have the large hall, we have got rid of the devil, and he has gone out as a gin shop and billiard hall. It was my privilege to accompany Staff Capt. Bolton for two days as a cadet, and I spending his roaring Jubilee. As we neared the hall we heard sounds of a mighty spiritual power, and hallelujas soon were sent the well-known form of Billy Byng, armed with his hammer and crowbar, quietly tearing down the walls of sin, and with the aide and workmanlike help of Capt. Alex. McLean (who accompanied us) we soon had the Temple shut-to the door, and make a face at him out of the window.

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Never Lost a Battle,

never known defeat, and can sustain anyone who can cast their care upon Him. Bless Him.

WANTED! WANTED!!

A competent Tal'or. None but a properly-saved Salvationist need apply. Send on testimonials to

Commissioner Adams,

War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

Missing & Enquiry

MISSING.

WILLIAM INGRAM, last heard of two years ago in Victoria, B.C., where he went four years ago from St. John, N.B. He is a mason by trade and about fifty-five years of age. His son and daughter are anxious to hear of his whereabouts. Address Thomas Ingram, 126 Pond St., St. John, N.B. American and English *Crys* please copy.—27,9,'90.

SAMUEL McRAE, last heard of in Lincoln, California, nearly two years ago. He was then clerk in a boot and shoe store. His brother is at present living at San Francisco, California, keeping a hardware store. Mother and sister are anxious to hear from Samuel. Address Miss Mary McRae, 99 Elliott Row, St. John, N.B. American and English *Crys* please copy.—27.9,'90.

If this should meet the eye of ELIZABETH PULFER, or anyone knowing her whereabouts, would they please correspond with her brother, Frederic George Pulfer, who ran away from his home in London, England, about 13 years ago. Address Fred. G. Pulfer, Salvation Temple, Toronto. English *Cry* please copy.—27,9,'90.

I this should reach EPHRAIM NELSON SLOTE, who lived near Smithville about 10 years ago, will he communicate with Capt. J. Bailey, Salvation Army, Fort Erie, Ont.—27.9,'90.

Will JOHN HUMPHREY JARVIS, partner with Brues, last heard of in North America, a native of Souldern, Oxfordshire, Eng., please write to his sister, Susannah Wyatt, 51 Duncan St., Toronto. American *Cry* please copy.—27,9,'90.

If this should meet the eye of MRS. MARY ANN BABCOCK, last heard from near Grand Rapids, Mich., or anyone knowing her whereabouts, would they kindly write to Mrs. Mary McKibbin, her mother, who is very anxious to hear from her. Address Otterville, Ont.—27,9,'90.

HENRY PITT, left Egremont about four years ago, and was last heard of at North Bay, Canada, tall, stout, and dark complexion. If anyone knows his whereabouts please write to Mrs. Henry Tucker, Jr., Dromore P.O., Ont.—27,9,'90.

HARVIES, MARGARET and ELLEN, when last heard from they were farmers, living at Campvail, Grandvaile County, Canada West. Their neice, Jane Harvies, *nee* Davis, would like to hear from them, care of Enquiry, Salvation Temple, Toronto.—27,9,'90.

Will JOHN WILLCOCKS, formerly of Abbotskerswell, please write to his sister, Susan Willcocks, who will be very glad to hear from him, and has news to his advantage? Believed to have gone to America.—27,9,'90.

Will JAMES CARTER, who left Corsham, September, 1889, please write his wife and family at once? They long to hear from him. May be in America. Age, about thirty-two, light features, sandy hair and moustache. Five feet seven and a-half inches high.—27,9,'90.

JOHN BETTS, who left Simcoe some 8 years ago, and was last heard of at Denver, Colorado, Washington House. The family would be glad to hear of his whereabouts. Please communicate with Capt. Pink, S.A., Simcoe.—27,9,'90.

Will THOMAS McRAE write to his mother at Crown Street, Shirley, Southampton, England, as she has heard nothing from him for over a year.—27,9,'90.

CHARLES SCHAEVER or SCHAEFER, last heard of in New York 32 years ago. His cousin, Fred H. Eisele, is anxiously enquiring after him. Will anyone knowing his whereabouts please write to Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont. American *Cry* please copy. —27,9,'90.

Will EDWARD DOHERTY, who came from Birmingham, Eng., about 17 years ago, age 30 years, please write to Mr. J. A. Doherty, Rat Portage, Ont.—27,9,'90.

CHARLES HORAN, 52 years of age, last heard of in Buffalo, N.Y., 10 years ago; has one arm off. His sister, Mrs. O'Neill, Burlington Heights, Hamilton, Ont., is anxious to hear from him.—27,9,'90.

THOMAS HENRY BRUM, who left Muskoka about four years ago, and when last heard of was in the States. His parents, who live at 21 Goulding St. West, Toronto, Ont., are very anxious to hear from him.—27,9,90.

ENQUIRY.

GEORGE RICHARD MICHAEL, who came to Toronto in 1885, but has not been heard of since 1887. His anxious mother seeks him.—27,9,'90.

MRS. SUSANNA PARKER, last heard of in Ingersoll.—27,9,'90.

DOLBY or DOLBEN FAMILY, who came from Manchester to New Brunswick many years ago. The daughter Anne makes enquiry.—27.9,'90.

CHARLES CHARLWOOD, Jr., supposed to be in Quebec. His father seeks his whereabouts.—27,9,'90.

SAMUEL ROBERTS, last heard of in Kincardine 7 years ago.—27,9,'90.

GEORGE DONALDSON. His sister is very anxious to know if he is saved.—27,9,'90.

WALTER POYNER, who left England 8 years ago, is supposed to be in Toronto. He is a coach-painter by trade.—27,9,'90.

THOMAS WARD, last heard of in St. Thomas. He will hear of something to his advantage.—27,9,'90.

JAMES and CHARLES HAM, left Cornwall for Upper Canada in 1845. Their nephew, John Ham, seeks them or any of their relatives.—27,9,'90.

MR. J. CORKETT, supposed to be in the vicinity of Toronto.—27,9,'90.

BEN'S PICKLES !

A soldier named Kitchen says the fire burns brightly in the kitchen.

* * *

A deserter from the Queen's army wept his way to the Cross the other night, and went on his way rejoicing.

* * *

A certain corps was recently left without their hall on account of the devil having a show on. The captain very wisely left the motto, "Prepare to Meet thy God," up, amongst others, which cut some professing Christians to the heart, who went to witness the play.

* * *

If the truth cut so deep, how must the loving Christ have felt, who saw their inconsistency.

* * *

The main quartette of Chatham sang a song that would remind you of a low rumbling peal of thunder.

* * *

A brother said, "I got hurt this morning, and instead of swearing, as I would have formerly done, I laughed, not because I got hurt, but because it wasn't my head instead of my foot, for if it had been my head I couldn't eat. There's nothing so bad but it might have been worse; but the Lord saves me through it all.

* * *

A brother saved six weeks ago says he believes he drank enough to float the Great Eastern.

* * *

Another said he was sure he drank enough to swim in. These and similar were the testimonies given at a saved drunks' meeting the other night.

* * *

A Rev. gentleman told one of our soldiers the other day that if he went back on the Army, after the profession he made, he deserved to be shot, and in fact declared he would borrow a gun and shoot him himself. Do you keep your vows?

* * *

A brother who had attended Army meetings for some five years wept his way to the Cross at knee drill on Sunday last, and was on the platform and testified on the same day.

* * *

Do you share in knee drill victories or do you sleep? Awake, thou that sleepest, and come to knee drill.

* * *

A child attending an Army meeting in which several souls sought salvation, remarked that there weren't any apostles in his church, and when asked for an explanation said it was because he never saw anybody get saved there.

* * *

Do you get souls saved?

* * *

I saw seven souls at the Cross at Spring Hill corps recently. Among them was a brother who in testifying said, "The devil and I were bosom friends for many years, but I have duped him at last.

* * *

A brother said they used to brand a D on a deserter from the Queen's army, and he expected if he deserted God and His Army to have a D stamped on him which would mean Damned.

* * *

Among other things I saw at Spring Hill was fourteen recruits enroled as Blood and Fire soldiers.

* * *

An old penitent form rusticator, being asked for her experience, exclaimed, "I've been happy here (meaning the penitent form), and I'm happy again. God bless the old times!

D. O. B.

Have you seen the new Rescue Collecting Box? 1000 people wanted to take one each. Send for one.

A Week at Port Hope.

"I believe we shall have a good time through this week's special meetngs." So said Captain White to me as I arrived at Port Hope on Wednesday, 3rd Sept., for the purpose of conducting a week's special services. The Capt. also told me he had laid the matter before his soldiers the evening previous, and, said he, "You should have heard the unanimous 'Amen' they gave when I asked all who were one with us for the week's meetings to fire a volley." Glory to God; this was cheering news, and our faith ran high for great things. Our first meeting was a very blessed one, four dear comrades being enroled as soldiers of the great S. A. while one soul sought and found Jesus, the sinner's Friend. This was a very good start. Bless the Lord.

Our meetings each evening were all very good soul-strengthening times, and all day on the Sabbath the Lord was very nigh. We cannot easily forget that forenoon holiness meeting; how blessedly nigh the Master came and breathed upon us of His Holy Spirit. All honour to the Lamb that was slain and liveth again. At night another soul came to the Blood. Hallelujah!

We finished our week's meetings feeling that the Captains' prediction had indeed been well filled out, for our remembrance of the many blessings received while visiting and "War Cry" selling is still very clear.

Then we cannot forget the kindness of the friends in providing for our temporal wants. I tell you what, Port Hope is the place where they look after officers and see that the cupboard is not bare. Truly it is a land of corn and wine; what do you say, Capt. White? Sorry you are going to leave us soon, but I guess that the loss you shall sustain, in one sense, shall be more than counterbalanced by the wonderful treasure you are about to become possessor of. I won't say any more now Ed., so nobody will be much the wiser of what I am hinting at, but I would just like to say before I quit that I wish you very much success and blessing in undertaking to put ten thousand to flight.

Before I close this report I think it's but fair that I should thank the few comrades who comprise the Band in our Port Hope corps for their help during my week with them. God bless you, boys; keep on playing for Jesus, and bye-and-bye you shall play and sing in the Kingdom.

I would just like to ask each officer to take pattern by Capt. White in the matter of laying before your soldiers those special meetings when you know they are about to be held at your corps. Have a few words with your comrades; lay it upon their hearts; get them to feel the responsibility that rests upon them, and I feel confident through God we shall do valiantly. Glory to His Name. Yours in Christ,

SHAMROCK.

Where Has Major Scott Been ?

READ AND SEE.

"You are announced for some special meetings in Harbor Grace," was the word we received from Major; so Cadet Day and the writer started off for a nine mile walk and carried the big drum; we reached H.G. just as the train arrived from St. Johns with Major and Mrs. Scott and Capt. Williams and soon after Lieut. Hoddinott and Cadet Bowering arrived from their stations. After a wash and some refreshments we met at the barracks and "fell in" two deep up the main St. to the British Hall, which had been hired for the occasion. We had quite a nice crowd and a good meeting, but closed without seeing anyone saved. We met at the barracks for knee-drill, and a nice time we had! God came near and we claimed some of His Spirit for the day's meetings. Junior Soldier's meetings at ten o'clock, was the order, Major led, and we had quite a nice time with the youngsters. What shall I say of the Holiness meeting? Well, it was grand. The lines of Full Salvation were made plain by Major and Mrs. Scott and several of the visiting officers; the Spirit accompanied the words and when the invitation was given for seekers, out they came till there were thirteen for the Blessing and one for pardon, it was one o'clock when we closed; but we were soon on the line of march again to the British Hall for the afternoon meeting. We had a good crowd and some convictions, but none yielded. We had a powerful time at night and people were brought to face eternal things as the truth was dealt out to them and at the close three souls knelt at the feet of Jesus and testified to the fact that they were saved; of course we had a dance to close with. Monday night was announced as the presentation of colors and oh, what a crowd, some of the upper ten of H. G. were present. Major gave them some startling statistics and explained to them some of the works of the S. A. after which came the presentation, and I am sure, if the officers and soldiers are only true to what the colors represent and the vows made, the devil will have to look out.

I guess the people had their eyes opened to the fact that the S. A. was not just got up to amuse people. Tuesday we walked to

Carbonear,

and although the majority of the people were away, we had a good crowd in the barracks. God enabled us to give the people some straight talk and I am sure they felt very uncomfortable, especially the backsliders and that one candidate; but still they would not yield; but we had the promise that God's word should not return void and good will come from that meeting. Wednesday we walked back to H. G. and then drove to

Bay Roberts,

on arriving we learned that Mrs. Collier and Lieut. had three for pardon and one for purity. On Sunday we had a nice time at night, a good crowd in the audience and the platform full. The meeting was a good one but there was no one saved.

Brigus.

comes next on the list, after a walk of eight miles through about as hard rain as you generally see. Were we wet? Well, ask the Major; but never mind, we got there, and after drying ourselves and having something to strengthen our body and a little prayer, away we go for a march, after going through the principal streets we return to find a nice crowd in spite of the wet night, but the Brigus people can reject all the offers of mercy and go away unsaved, so we had to close without any souls. Friday night we had a larger crowd and a much better meeting, but although we kept the prayer meeting going till eleven o'clock yet no one yielded. I guess it will take an earthquake (spiritual) to move the people, oh, they are so indifferent. Capt. Bishop has just taken charge, so I think things ought to go now, they have a Bishop.

We had a nice little officer's council at H. G. and another at Brigus, and what precious seasons they were, although only a small number. God was there and richly blessed our souls. Hallelujah!

We closed the week by returning to our respective fields of labor, after attending eleven meetings, two officer's councils, seeing FOUR saved and THIRTEEN sanctified, walking thirty three miles, getting wet through and richly blessed in our souls.

TOM. COLLIER, CAPT.

FROM WINDSOR.

DEAR WAR CRY.—As I am resting I thought it my duty to send you a few lines for your pages.

I have been very much blessed through reading your pages this past week, and it seems every week you are becoming more interesting.

It gives me great pleasure to have the privilege of visiting the corps where I fought as a soldier for over two years, and since coming the Lord has been teaching me very much of himself, and to-day my experience is that I am entirely sunk out of self into Christ. There never was a time in my life that the world seemed so empty to me as it has this past few days. There does not seem to be one thing in it that takes my mind from Christ, and oh, the very prayer of my heart is that my life might always be one long witness to His power, winning many souls for His kingdom.

Since leaving here the Lord has been working in this place, and although there are strange faces on the platform, yet thank God the old ones are here too. Those who have stood the fight, midst every difficulty, and their testimony is that they are going on to fight greater battles and gain greater victories for God in the future, than they have ever done in the past. Dear Brother Van Allen has still got the same cheerful countenance, and Brother Burney still retains his position at the door with good effect. In all, the corps is much better than it was when I farewelled for the work a year ago. I often think, and have said it too, that if those whom God had called for the work would only obey, God's work would go on faster, for I cannot help but think that after God has laid his hand on a man or woman and bids them leave all and follow Him, that the work cannot go on as it should while that call is unheeded. When we think of the crowds that are going down the broad way to destruction, and the few there are to rescue them. Why should we not, whom God has set free, go forth to rescue them for him. My whole soul goes out in gratitude to God for saving me, and making me one with Him to save the lost—and I mean to more than ever appreciate the privilege He has given me to work for Him. Yours, at the Cross, a true Training Home girl, evermore.

CAPT. MRS. BOXALL.

Sleepy Sam son s

SHORN OF STRENGTH BY SATAN.

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM ?

In our ranks we have some comrades with any amount of talent, strength, and power, who are practically wrapping their talents in a napkin, for they scarcely lead one soul to the Saviour in a lifetime. Such spiritual laggards must be lacking in Christian vitality. Surely they are not grafted into the Vine for Jesus has said, "He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth MUCH FRUIT, for without Me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5.

This is the practical test of the true soul-winner—of the true Salvation Soldier. Reader, if you are not winning souls for Christ, you must be a withered branch, fit only to be pruned off and cast into the fire. Comrades, size yourselves up!

Victorious in Death.

Perhaps after the death of those lazy warriors we shall hear of five or ten souls being converted at their memorial service. In this event they might be said to resemble Sam son of old, of whom we read that "the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." —Judges xvi. 30.

Wake up, comrades, and, in the strength of the Almighty God, slay the Philistines of Sin reigning in the hearts of the sinners all around you. "The harvest is GREAT and the laborers are FEW." "Work, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Comrades, don't be like Sam son at his death. And don't permit yourselves to be shorn of your strength by Satan, like Sam son was by the Philistines, when overcome by sleep, whether physical or spiritual. Wake up and shake yourselves! Let God use your talents and strength.

Comrades, keep yourselves separate from the world, or ruin may be your fate, as it was in the case of Sam son. Had Sam son avoided the wiles of the Philistine woman Delilah, his useful career might not have been cut short as it was, in the very prime of his life. While fighting the enemies of our God, do not get entangled with them in any way or you may get the worst of it as Sam son did. Keep separate. Be an out-and-out enemy of the world.

Satan as a Vampire.

Like the Vampire that he really is, the devil would like to fan you asleep with his wings while he would suck the life and power from your souls. "Watch and pray." Only by active warfare and constant prayer can you keep the fire burning, and keep awake spiritually.

The open grave soon awaits you, therefore work and fight for the Master while you have the Golden Opportunity.

Comrades! shake yourselves. If you are "Sleepy Sam sons" at the present time (read and digest Judges 16-20) for the love of perishing souls, wake up! wake up!! For the love of the Master, Arise! put on your Strength! even the STRENGTH of the Lord!

"CONVERTED CARPENTER."

Major Spooner's Welcome Home.

For some time previous to Thursday, August 28th, bills might have been seen all round Peterboro' announcing a great welcome demonstration on that date, occasioned by the return from England of Major Spooner, our much beloved leader in in this division.

Captain Jones and his aides worked hard to make this a grand success, and in the evening a nice tea was served in the basement of the barracks, to a very fair company of soldiers and friends.

Prompt at 7.30 p.m., the soldiers formed in procession order and paraded the town, headed by several visiting officers, conspicuous amongst them being Major Spooner, dressed

In His Flaring Red Suit,

which, bye-the-bye, is a real, proper, devil-teaser. "Welcome home" rung out from the throats of the happy soldiers, as well as from the brass instruments played so heartily by the boys, and, judging from the many smiling faces, everybody was glad to see and welcome the Major to our midst again.

After a good, stirring march, which was made very attractive by the pretty blending of Army colors, in the sashes worn by the female soldiers, also by the display of glaring red lights, both on the street and from the turrets of the barracks, as the procession neared it on its return to the meeting. A large audience greeted us, and as the tall, soldierly form of Major Spooner was seen coming from a side entrance on to the platform, the shout of welcome that pealed forth from the soldiers, and was kept up by the brass instruments of the band-boys, was enough to impress all present with the fact that our comrade was welcomed to the midst of a real

Red-Hot, Blood and Fire Crowd

of Salvationists. Capt. Bob Cunningham lined out for the opening song, "Jesus the Name high over all," was sung to the tune of "Ella Rhea," almost everyone joining in the chorus, "We have no other argument."

After some prayer, Mrs. Major Spooner, whom everbody was glad to see able to be to the front again, lined out the second song.

Ensign Logan then led a lively testimony meeting for a few minutes, in which some real, definite, experiences were given, Mark, of course, being all there; and head, hands, feet and tongue, all on the go at once. My it was a lively affair.

We then had a few words from the Rev. Mr. Parent, a

Converted French Catholic,

who praised God in real Army style for His wondrous Salvation, and then said he hoped the S. A. would march on and run the devil right out of Canada into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, also saying he hoped the devil could not swim.

Here, the Major stepped to the front, and as it had been announced that he would give us a sketch of what he had seen and heard during his visit to the great C. P. meetings in Old England, all naturally expected a treat, and a hush of wrapt attention stole over the audience, as he unravelled to us some of the wonderful things he saw and heard at those vast gatherings. Some of us anticipated great things, but our anticipations were all completely swallowed up, as we listened to the mighty things God had done and is still doing. We feel sure many in that meeting had their eyes opened, as never before, to the fact that the Salvation Army is a marvellous instrument in the hands of God. All honor to Him that doeth all things well.

A few remarks from Mrs. Spooner brought the meeting to a close. All left, praising God, and knowing that truly He had wrought wonderful things. Glory to His Name.

It had also been announced that Major Spooner and Capt. Cunningham would conduct the meetings on Sunday, and if anyone should happen to have taken a look inside the door of the barracks, on the morning of the 31st of August, between the hours of seven and eight, they would have seen a company of earnest souls waiting on the Lord; and judging from the way in which each rejoiced in God, their waiting was not in vain. Glory to God. He delights to bless all that call upon Him. In that knee-drill, His blessing and help was claimed for the day. "Be along in good time for open-air this forenoon comrades" shouted Major, as we left the barracks after meeting.

At 10.30 a.m., a good company of soldiers turned out for open-air, headed by Major Spooner. The march was good, and a meeting held on the street in front of an hotel was enjoyed by all; back to the barracks for holiness meeting, which was a time of much blessing. As Major

Fearlessly Dealt Out the Truth,

many saw where they were deficient. The cloak was pulled aside, and two comrades sought a full deliverance, while another sought Salvation. All arose, determined to trust Him who is mighty to save and to keep.

The afternoon march was very impressive, as we sang and played Salvation songs through the streets. "Then the free-and-easy inside was a real wide-awake affair." The Major's remarks on the portion of the Scripture read, being used by God. A Salvation song from Capt. Hendricks, (who was on her way to Cornwall) went beautifully. All were pleased to see and hear her again.

A few words from Lieut. Ollis, in which she praised the dear Lord for the deliverance He brought to her, brings us to the prayer-meeting, which was well taken hold of by the soldiers; but we had to close without any visible results.

At night, another splendid march, and one of the best open-air meetings it has been my privilege to be in for some time. A great crowd stood around. Perfect order prevailed. The testimonies from soldiers and officers being listened to very attentively. A solo, "Oh Beulah Land so bright and fair," was sung by Capt. Mrs. Cunningham, the chorus being well taken hold of by the vast audience. The announcements being made, we marched off for our inside meeting, the band playing remarkably well.

Inside a large company had gathered, and soon the building was nicely filled. Again God drew very nigh, and a real good and impressive Salvation meeting was held. On coming to the prayer meeting we all got down before God, and some prayed, while others dealt personally with the unsaved. We closed with THREE who came to be put right, and afterwards testified to being saved. Glory to God!

On Monday we are off to Manvers (Millbrook outpost), where a banquet and jubilee is the order of the day. After a 22 mile drive we arrive at Bro. McCullough's, on whose lawn the banquet was being held. Already a large gathering of people had assembled. The tables, which were well filled with splendid provisions, were also filled by a real happy looking crowd, who, as they partook of the nice things, chatted merrily one with the other. It looked just like a big family gathering, everybody seeming to enjoy themselves, and I tell you what it is, those Manvers people know how to get up a proper banquet and then to make a person feel at home amongst them. Just wait till you come and then you'll find out. Why, we felt just

Like a Fish in Water,

right in our element, glory! Bye-and-bye we hear the thud of a drum, and in a few minutes the Lindsay Brass Band drive right into our midst. The boys have their tea, and then we have some Salvation music, which is much relished by all.

Our friends had a platform erected for the meeting., which was held in the open air, as getting into the Barracks was entirely out of the question on account of the large crowd and the small building, but our comrades, who I believe are real, live, aggressive Salvationists, purpose having a larger building in which to worship God. Hallelujah!

The Jubilee was conducted by Major Spooner, who occupied the centre of the platform, surrounded by Capt. Rowan and Lieut. Prest, of Lindsay, Capt. Barker and Lieut. Scott, of Millbrook, Ensign Logan and Capt. and Mrs. Cunningham of Peterborough. On his left stood the Lindsay Band, while the right was occupied by an organ kindly lent for the occasion and played by Mrs. Cunningham. Everything went off in real S. A. style, the testimonies from the soldiers being of the proper stamp. A solo from

Brother Lindsay, of Lindsay,

"Go Wash in the Beautiful Stream," went with a bang. A few words from each of the officers went well, and Major's address was much blessed to all who heard him. Then a word from Capt. Rowan, who is an old officer here, brought us to the close of a very enjoyable evening praising the Lord in the country, the people dispersing evidently highly delighted with the way everything passed off.

Tuesday, away we go to Millbrook, where a special meeting had been announced. We found Capt. Barker and Lieut. Scott busy preparing dinner for a hungry Englishman and two hungry Irishmen, who did justice to the good things placed before them; then had a good feed for the soul, glory to God!

A nice company of soldiers turned out for the march, and the open-air held on the street corner was one in which we are assured God was much honoured. A fair sized audience assembled in the barracks, and a good lively meeting was led by the Major, the soldiers pitching in in good shape. Thank God for the spirit that burns in the breasts of some of our Millbrook comrades. God bless you, my brothers and sisters in Christ; keep the fire burning, and you shall continually rout the devil. A testimony from Capt. Cunningham, also from Ensign Logan, and we are into the Major's remarks, which did much towards removing misunderstanding with regard to the S. A., and what God is using the members of it to accomplish.

We closed a very profitable and blessed meeting, with much gratitude to God for His love and care.

Yours in Him,

SHAMROCK.

A Few Things I Know.

An old lady, over 73 years old, walked seven miles to be enroled as a soldier.

* * *

A soldier who didn't get on well in her soul, because she had fashionable clothing laid away for.—"if" she left the Army.

* * *

A church member said, she didn't think much of a soldier or officer who went about their duties like a "sneak."

* * *

A minister who said be always got blest when he came to the Salvation Army, and the more he knew of them the better he liked them.

* * *

That the devil didn't get a victory when he said, "you look like a fool in red uniform."

* * *

That the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse the vilest, as well as the proudest sinner.

* * *

That Jesus is keeping me unspotted from the world, and increasing my love for the souls of the lost. Hallelujah.

WEAVER.

WAR NOTES.

The Eighth Anniversary.

It has come and gone again.

Those councils; those marches; those meetings.

Many souls will never forget those gatherings.

Before the Anniversary, they were living in sin and carelessness.

Now they are praising the Salvation Army's God for saving their souls.

Staff-Capt. Bennett, the J. S. warrior, and Staff-Capt. Fisher, are already beginning to feel at home in Canada. Everybody pray that God will give them mighty victories in their different spheres of labor.

Every officer, soldier, and convert should read the Commissioner's appeal for 1,000 candidates, on page 2.

Read the article right through, and then be convinced that God wants some one to volunteer for those different branches of our work. Will *you* volunteer?

The Commissioner spent a night with the soldiers of the temple recently, and had a wonderful time. Read the account of it in this issue.

Yes, it is a fact, the extension of our Rescue work has begun, and a Home has been opened in Stratford. The account of the opening in another column is very interesting.

Our dear comrades, Capt. McKenzie and Lieut. Smith, who are in charge of the Home have need of our prayers; let us all bear them up before the Throne.

Our "Children's Shelter," has already begun, although we are not yet prepared for it. A dear little boy was picked up bare-headed, bare-footed, and ragged and dirty. Now he can be seen around the temple occasionally, with F. K., clean and neatly dressed.

Staff-Capt. McHardy writes:—"I am enjoying myself immensely, and am as happy as one can be outside of heaven. Love to all.

At Lisgar Street, on the Anniversary Sunday, Major Spooner and Ensign Logan led on the forces, and five souls for pardon and four for sanctification, was the result of the day's fight.

Fourteen souls at the Temple, the same night, Colonel Cadman worked hard, and made every one else do likewise, with the above result.

PRO TEM.

OVERLAND TO BRANDON.

Having received orders to proceed to Brandon from Moose Jaw by overland route, with my worthy friend, Lieut. O'Neil, we were delayed for a few days, but got off in good shape for a good trip. After starting we had to keep a good look out for water, it being very scarce. Not so with the Living Water of life, for the weary travellers, their thirst may be quenched at any point along the trail of life. However, we got along well till one of our ponies got scared at another pony which had part of a cart harness on it as it came up. The pony went off towards the point of starting at full speed. Praise God for presence of mind, and soon the truant was brought back. Oh! what a lesson we can learn. When the devil comes up with some wild appearance upon his person, stand your ground. The Lord of hosts has promised to be with you. Hallelujah. At a small place called Grenfield, a man come to our camp and enquired if we belonged to the Salvation Army. Our reply was "Yes." After shaking our hands, he asked, "is it true?" We answered "Yes," to the Booth Army. "Praise God, the old reliable," was his remark on being asked if he was saved. Placing his hand on his heart, said, "Christ is mine and I am Christ's." After a word of prayer, we were about to start. He told us this was the first open-air meeting he had attended since leaving the Old Country. How true our God is; He can, and does keep wherever we may be, if we look to Him and obey His will. Day after day we journeyed. Our pony took sick. I called for a veterinary surgeon to see what could be done, and with his skill we were soon at ease in our minds about our pony. After a short rest we were soon on the way, but being to late to get to Brandon as expected, stopped over Sunday on the prairie beside water and wood. Our God is good to those who trust Him. Thank God we arrived at our destination all safe, and found Capt. Frith and her aids, pitching into the enemy. Thus ending our 266 miles trip over the red man's native country and home.

CAPT. W.A.F.

War-Words from Woodstock.

Climbing the Cupboard—Mad Tom in Bedlum—An Interesting Conversation—A Terrible Character Saved—The Singing did It.

When I was a drunkard, I used to do all sorts of things. One night when I came home I was so drunk that I started to climb up the cupboard to get to bed instead of going up stairs.

While in England I was told that in one district I was in there were over one hundred public houses, and this to only twelve thousand inhabitants.

They have all sorts of peculiar signboards in front of the saloons. Here is one of them. Right in front of the door is the picture of a man standing at the bar with a pot of ale with the words under him

Mad Tom in Bedlum,

and on the other side of it, is the picture of the same man outside of the saloon with the words *Tom at Liberty.*

"When I got saved I entered the kingdom of heaven, but when I got sanctified the kingdom of heaven came into my heart."

This is the testimony from a drunkard's wife, who used to be one of my workmates while I was unsaved. After I had left home and been in the field for some time I went home on a visit and wanted to talk to him about his soul, and as we parted and shook hands I gave him a shilling, and I thought he would have spent it on drink, but instead of that he took it home and gave it to his wife, telling her who he got it from, and also saying that he could not spend it on drinks—his wife said that although they had been married for a number of years, this was the first shilling that he had brought home to her that he had received from any person.

• • •

BAPTIST to METHODIST.—You are disloyal to your church in helping the Salvation Army and giving your money to them.

METHODIST.—I am not disloyal to my church, I love my church, but I love all God's people, I have got neighbours around about me, and when they need help I always help them, but that does not say that I am disloyal to my wife and children by helping them.

BAPTIST.—You ought to get to meetings and get souls saved at your own Church and get them to become members in this Church.

METHODIST.—You are jealous of the Army because they are doing a work that you and I ought to do, but we have no power to do it, and you do not want the Army to get the men that they are getting.

BAPTIST.—Why should you love the Army, and go oftener to hear them than you go to Church?

METHODIST.—I love the Army because they go in for souls and get them, and because they are all on fire, and all alive. Why, take four living members out of our large Church and how many will you have left. Let me take three living members out of your Church, and how many have you left.

BAPTIST.—That is so. Good morning.

• • •

Woodstock meetings were a success all round. One soul for pardon, one for sanctification, and one went home to glory.

The Band boys are all alive and going in for great times. Toronto will again be visited by the boys at the big go.

The two day's Council with all the officers in the Division was a season of rich blessing to all of us, and I believe the officers went home to their corps more determined than ever to fight the battle to the end.

INGERSOLL is still booming away. They had a Band Concert the other night when the Woodstock and Ingersoll Bands united for a big go, *and it was one too.* They cleared $125 dollars. What do you think of that for a Jubilee?

Twelve more converts were enrolled as soldiers of the great Army, and still there are more to follow, who will be ready for the next enrollment.

THAMESFORD is holding its own pretty well. What with farming and hot weather the crowds do not come, yet they march along, and I had a very good meeting there on Wednesday night.

ST. THOMAS has had victory all along the line. Capt. Bach and Lieut. Meston who have just left here for another part of the battle field have done a blessed work for God, and although they have left, their names will never be forgotten by many of the people of St. Thomas.

They have just had a real good case of conversion, that of a young man who has been in prison almost 14 years for breaking the laws at different times, but now he is saved and happy. Having no home, one of the soldiers took him to his home and made him comfortable, and got him work in this city, and now he is drummer at the corps.

While out on the street marching last night at St. Thomas, a young man came staggering after us, and I got hold of him and we walked arm in arm back to the barracks. While singing in the march the words took hold of him, and he cried bitterly, and all through the meeting he prayed and wrestled with God for mercy. At the close he was quite sober and professed to get saved. May God keep him true to his vows made that night.

I and the Ensign with the Scribe, praise God for a full salvation. JOHN SHARP.

The Poor Man's Workshop

A Visit From Mr. Henry George and the Rev. Mr. Huntington, of New York.

From the English Cry.

Mr. Henry George, the well-known American writer, lecturer and worker in the interests of humanity, during his brief stay in London visited the various agencies of the Social Reform Wing and left behind him many warm expressions and assurances of sympathy and confidence as to our future success.

The Rev. Mr. Huntington, son of Bishop Huntington, of the American Episcopal Church, visited, in company with Mr. George, the workshop and Whitechapel Shelter. It was during the progress of the noon prayer meeting that they arrived, and both gentlemen had a few words to say to the lads. The scene was unmistakably one of much interest, and we believe our visitors carried away with them the keenest impressions, and we are quite sure our lads will not easily forget the earnestness, burning words of the speakers and the deep interest they evinced in their welfare.

Mr. Huntington said:—"My brothers, when I came into the workshop and saw you on your knees it reminded me of what might have been seen eighteen centuries ago in another vast city as great as London, where the streams of suffering and pleasure, of poverty and wealth, were just as you find them here. There, too, you would have found a little band of men, just of your class, on their knees with

The Adorable Name of Jesus on their Lips.

They were a few Christians who knew that at any moment they might have been arrested and cast to the lions, to be torn asunder by them, because they dared to speak of and believe in Jesus. Yet they nobly witnessed for Him against the sin, the injustice, the greed and wrong of those who persecuted them. But they found

Their Comfort, their Solace and Strength in God Almighty,

that God who became in Jesus a poor, despised, abased and crucified Man. Him they trusted and they conquered and the light from the Cross streamed over the imperial city.

"So you, to-day, my brothers, notwithstanding your poverty and distress and the oppression and monopoly and indifference to your sufferings of those who should think of and care for you, and you will find there is safety and strength, help and comfort in Jesus if you will but come to Him. You may, by His grace, though poor and outcasts, be good and noble and true—true to yourselves, true to one another, true to the principles of righteousness, and

He the Father of Love,

shall be your Saviour and Friend for time and for eternity?

• • •

Mr. Henry George said he had come to see for himself the beginning of The Salvation Army's noble attempt to grapple with this great social problem. He was rejoiced to see that The Army at any rate recognised that it was not by virtue of God's law that any man willing to work should be unable to find work. He was sure

The Almighty Never Intended Destitution,

starvation or poverty to be the lot of mankind. In God's sight all men were equal, they were alike created by Him, and were entitled to enjoy the reward of honest labor. Until this fact was recognised, and the laws, made by man relating to the land which was given by the Almighty to man, were altered, they might expect to have to contend with such a state of society as they had at present.

WANTED! WANTED!!

A competent Tailor. None but a properly-saved-Salvationist need apply. Send on testimonials to

Commissioner Adams,

War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

WHY NOT?

I am just seated in an outhouse trying to collect some thought for the "Cry," when my eyes uncommoniously revert to an old waistcoat hanging before me.

The front part is all good and perfect, buttons firm, and buttonholes in first-class condition; but the back is all ragged, tattered and torn, in fact just barely holding together.

With the aid of a coat, this waistcoat makes a fairly good show, and the thought strikes me, are there not some professed Christians like this.

While in the company of God's steadfast and strong children, (an outer garment as it were,) they make a fairly good appearance, but let them take off their coat—let them stand alone—in the home, in the workshop, on the car, or the street, and how is it with them, are they true? Are they faithful? Are they strong in the service of God?

Reader, does God dwell in you always, night and day, sunshine or storm, anywhere and everywhere? Just think of it, and ask yourself the question

WHY NOT?

Is your light burning bright in the sunlight,
To guide you should clouds come along?
Is your light burning bright in the twilight,
To make you still bolder and strong?
Is your light burning bright in the workshop,
In the place where you toil the day thro'?
Is your light burning bright in your own shop,
Is it burning, bright, shining and true?

Is your light burning bright in the kitchen,
Though all that you do every day?
Is your light burning bright while you're fetching
The water from wells far away?
Is your light burning bright on the prairie,
When crossing it miles in the snow?
Is your light burning bright before Mary,
The girl whom you wed long ago?

Is your light burning bright on the street car,
As 'way down to business you go?
Is your light burning bright in transactions,
You carry on all the day through?
Is your light burning bright in the stable,
When cattle are irksome and "free?"
Is your light burning bright at the table,
No matter with whom you may be?

Is your light burning bright in the coal mine,
The light of Salvation I mean?
Is your light burning brightly at all times,
Unmistakably brilliant and keen?
Is your lamp filled with sanctification,
In accordance with what you did vow?
If not then without hesitation,
Just fix it up right away now.

S. S

Jottings From Charlottetown, P.E.I.

God is blessing our open air work here. A young woman came to our penitent-form last week who had first been convicted in the open air meeting on the market square, while Capt. Jewer was speaking.

• • •

This summer a young man died a triumphant death through our open air work. He belonged to a church where much ceremony is practised in preparing persons for death, (annointing for death as it is called.) He said he did not want anyone to do that for him, that he had heard the way of Salvation through Christ in the open air from the Salvation Army, and he knew that nothing but the blood of Jesus could save him and he was ready to die. Hallelujah for ever to God and the Lamb. We fight on greatly cheered and encouraged.

• • •

We held some blessed Sunday afternoon meetings in the park (Victoria park) this summer. Crowds listened most attentively. We are sure good was done—because God says, "My word shall not return unto Me void, for it shall accomplish that which I please and prosper in the things whereunto I have sent it."

• • •

Many people said the new barracks would never be built, and even went so far as to say we were going to sell the ground, but they are among the false prophets now. Our hallelujah builder and contractor, Capt. Rogers, has been here and set things going. Workmen are on the ground digging, &c., and D.V., we shall be shouting hallelujah in it before Christmas.

• • •

We had a successful 10 cent tea in the old barracks last Thursday. But now comes the sorrowful part. Afterwards we said farewell to Capt. and Mrs. Jewer. They left here, deeply regretted by soldiers and friends. The Lord bless them abundantly wherever they go. We hope to see them again at the opening of our new barracks. Lieut. McDonald is still holding on here. God bless him. Staff Capt. Beatty and Capt. Rogers were both here last week, we hope they will come again very soon. Oh! of course, yes! they are coming when the foundation stone of our new barracks is laid.

• • •

I had almost forgotten to say that we visited the Winslow Road outpost a short time ago. There is a band of real blood and fire soldiers there. We had a blessed time. We hope the time is not far distant when they will have an officer of their own.

• • •

We hope some of our comrades in Ontario and elsewhere will aspire to the honor of putting a BRICK in our new barracks. If you only knew how much we are in need of help, you would I am sure lend a helping hand. A post office order or cheque will be thankfully received. SEC.

A Good Prescription.

CAPT. J. H. MERRETT.

A Remedy For Frozen Up Christians.

I heard a tale the other day, and it has such a fine moral that I must repeat it. A gentleman was going a journey from a certain city to his own home, some miles distant. The weather was bitter cold, and though the gentleman had taken every precaution within his power to protect himself, yet as he journeyed along he felt that he was being speedily overcome. He was determined, however, to reach the end of his journey, if it were at all possible, and so he gathered all his strength together, and pressed forward. In spite of all his efforts to keep his body warm, however, the cold seemed to strike right through him. His limbs became numbed and stiff, and it became evident that he would perish. But just as he was about to give up and lie down

In the Snow to Die,

his foot struck against something lying in the road, and stooping down he discovered the form of a poor man, who was just about dead with the cold. Forgetting all about himself and his own state, the gentleman was touched with sympathy for the dying traveller, and he set to work to restore him to life. He began to rub him vigorously with his hands, to cause the blood to circulate, and after a long time, and much hard work, he had the joy of seeing his charge restored to life and strength again. But that was not all that was accomplished, for, judge his surprise, when, upon turning his attention again to himself, he found that, not only had his efforts resulted in a blessing to his friend in bringing warmth and life back to him, but he himself was also thoroughly warmed up, the blood circulated freely, and he was saved from being frozen to death.

• • •

Here is a good lesson for every Christian, both those who are nearly frozen up, and those who still retain their activity. What a lot of people there are who come to get saved, and afterwards go on their way to Heaven, seeming only to think of themselves and their own welfare, and having little or no regard for the souls of those around. As long as they are blessed and happy, it does not matter to them how others fare. But is it any wonder, that, like the gentleman above mentioned, they soon begin to feel cold, the warmth and zeal of the spirit seems to leave them, and they commence to realize that, in spite of all their care and efforts to live,

They are Doomed to be Spiritually Frozen to Death.

But here we also find a remedy. If any of my readers are in that state just now, do as the gentleman did, look around you and find someone who needs your help, and forgetting your own interest, set to work to do something for them. You will then find, as in his case, that while blessing others, you will also get blessed yourself, and the very strength you use in helping your fellow creatures will return with a hundred-fold blessing upon your own head. God never saves anyone merely to benefit them alone, but He intends all who receive of Him to administer unto others, and I always find the best way to get a blessing myself is to go in with the object of doing good to someone else, and I never get disappointed myself. *"He that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully."* The Lord will not bless slothful, lazy spiritual children.

The Commissioner

WITH HIS SOLDIERS.

A GRAND TIME AT THE TEMPLE!

On Monday night, Sept. 8th, the Temple was the rallying point for about 850 of Toronto's Salvation Soldiers; the event being a united soldiers' meeting, led by the Commissioner. Everyone had come with the full expectation of being wonderfully blessed, and having a good time in general, and they were not disappointed.

The Commissioner taking his place on the platform with the Chief and Field Secretaries and Majors Leighton and Margetts, was the

Signal for Volleys

which made the building ring. Col. Young gave out the opening song, "We'll gird on the armor," and to say the least this went with a "bang." Everybody caught the strain, and the chorus was sung over and over again, even our leaders had to indulge in a dance around the ring, and they were determined to get the starch out of everyone else, for they sang the chorus and clapped their hands until the most of crowd was doing the same.

A boiling-over, red-hot prayer meeting followed, and the earnest wrestling of the soldiers betokened a good time all through. The Chief led the testimonies, and the soldiers were popping up all over the shop, if they were too long the Commissioner would

Call Out "Scizzors,"

which meant they were to cut it short. Among those who testified was a dear lad from Quebec who couldn't talk English, he testified in French. God bless him. Dad Watkins was all there and his "Amens" could be heard all over the hall. Cymbal Bill's testimony was the song "We're marching on to war." These and a lot of others told in a few words how happy they felt since they were saved. Lieut. Lee, the colored songstress, accompanied by her guitar, sang "I'm glad I am a soldier."

Commissioner then stepped forward, and said he was glad he was a soldier, and in the fight. He was

Up to His Eyes In It.

He was not only right in the top story, but right also behind the watch pocket, and he did what God told him, without any fault-finding. He kept his soul healthy by running to and fro doing small things for God, and, by faithfully doing the little things, God sometimes gave him big things to do, and always brought him off more than conqueror. He then went on to explain the glorious hope he had for the Army's future, and told of the many proposed schemes for the benefitting of humanity; some of which schemes are about to be, yea are being hurried forward with all despatch. The foremost being the Prison Gate Brigade, then the extension of the Rescue work, and the institution of a Children's Shelter. All of those schemes the Commissioner explained, and he felt sure that God Almighty was going to give us the victory in this matter. He then addressed some few words to the soldiers.

How to Keep Saved.

First, "confess Christ at home, at work, in the open-air, in the barracks, everywhere"; talk continually of Jesus and His love; be always on the watch for a chance to testify, and then take that chance. "Show me a man," he continued, "who never testifies, and I will show you one who is growing cold in his soul." Second, "pray without ceasing," a man who doesn't pray is one who isn't saved, or else one who is backsliding. After working hard for souls, one's own soul gets hungry, then by prayer we get of the Bread of Life, which alone can satisfy our hungry souls.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That burns within the breast.

Third,

Volunteer for the Work,

if you want to keep saved. How many there are to-day who are miserable back sliders, because they would not volunteer for the work. God called them, but they disobeyed, and the consequence was they backslid. There were some 234 officers resting, they were completely run down with hard work, just because you (the soldiers) won't volunteer. Some made the excuse, well, "If I was to volunteer, I don't know where they would send me." Thank God, we can't send you to a place where Jesus is not, and that fact alone should insure your success, wherever you are sent.

Fourth, "attend to all means of grace," go to knee drill, open-air, and all meetings; hold on to God, pray, pray, pray and wrestle for souls.

Fifth, "beware of your companionship."

Shun a Babbler

as you would the devil. To illustrate: A young girl once asked her father permission to go to the ball-room. The father said that wasn't a fit place for her to go, that it would be bad and hurtful to her. She persisted, and said she had been there already a couple of times, and didn't feel any harm. The father looked down into the grate, and told the girl to pick up a cinder therefrom; then he asked her if it burnt her. She said "no." Throw it down then said the father, and look at your fingers. This she did, and lo, "they were black, the cinder had left its mark, even though it didn't burn. Just so with the ball-room, although you haven't felt the effects, yet they have left their mark, and if the practice is continued, it will surely do you harm." If we choose busy-bodies and tattlers as our companions, our own spirituality will be hurt, and eventually we shall backslide. Then stick to the prayer meetings. What would you think if I were down on the wharf and saw a man drowning, and threw him a rope, he clutched it, his only hope; I began to haul him in, and when I had him hauled half way up the wharf, I made fast the rope and said I would

Come Around Next Sunday

and haul him up; and when the next Sunday came, I found the rope had broken and the man was lost? Now this is the way in a good many of our prayer meetings. Souls have clutched the rope, but instead of sticking to the prayer meeting and hauling them to a place of safety, we get tired, and leave the prayer meeting, and leave those precious souls until the next Sunday; and very often those very souls had gone from time to eternity, to hell, who might have been saved and gone to heaven had we done our duty and held on in the prayer meeting.

After striking and forcible testimonies from Col. Young, Majors Holland, Margetts and Leighton, the Commissioner drew in the net, and asked all those who felt they were not where they should be, to come forward and make a full surrender to God. Eight or ten came forward, and after some real struggling at last claimed the victory. The meeting closed, when every soldier went home rejoicing and praising God for the blessing they had received in that meeting. J. E.

FOOD WILL DO.

We just throw out the hint through the CRY that donations of food will always be acceptable at the Rescue Home. Vegetables, fruit, etc., will be gladly received and made good use of. All donations must be sent to Mrs. Adams, Rescue Home, Wilton Ave., Toronto.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Redeeming grace my life has claimed,
That it from hence may be,
Forever God's, by sin unstained,
In glorious liberty.
What charms of earth can e'er the pitying love defy,
Of Him who laid His glory by and came for me to die?

CHORUS.

Oh, what a Redeemer, is Jesus my Saviour,
Forgiving my sins and bearing all my woe,
Oh, what a Redeemer is Jesus my Saviour,
Proclaiming my liberty and washing me white as snow.

Redeeming grace! my life is given,
For such a prize as this;
The power of love my heart has riven
And filled with fadeless bliss.
What toys of time can hope,
Though decked with blossoms fair,
Within my heart the favors claimed
By God given joys to share.

Redeeming grace! my all is laid
Before the Cross of Him,
Whose life and death a means were made
My wayward heart to win.
Oh, let my every act,
Breathe, Lord, a praise to Thee;
And let my life be lived to show
How many may be free.

FIRST TOUR

OF THE

113th St. John's Brass Band.

We left home on Saturday morning, Aug. 23rd, to pay our first visit as a band to some of the pretty little towns of Nova Scotia. Arriving at Yarmouth about 9:30 p.m., we were conveyed in a large band waggon drawn by four dashing horses to the officers' quarters where a first-class supper had been spread for us. Some of the boys had acquired quite an appetite after their day's travelling, and the way the good things disappeared was surprising. We soon were off to the barracks and were given a good reception, good crowd and a lot of soldiers all on fire. Things went with a swing; new songs, new choruses, new duets. Everybody seemed to rejoice. Now the invitation is given to sinners to come to our Christ and King, but the devil was hard at work and none would yield.

A good crowd appeared at knee-drill and we feasted together on the good things of our God, rejoicing that He had freed us from sin.

Big march at 10 o'clock after which we had a holiness meeting and many testified to the power of God to keep free from sin. Hallelujah.

The afternoon free-and-easy was a regular old time jubilee, and the interest manifested by the audience was remarkable, but the night meeting was the crowning time. God's spirit seemed to rest upon the meeting and many of that crowd felt sin-bound, guilty, and condemned, but our Saviour was there to free and relieve, and four big men wept their way to Calvary. Glory to God.

On Monday afternoon a big banquet was in progress, which was a success. At night there was a sort of musical battle meeting, which went with a great swing, and those who attended will not forget it for a while.

On Tuesday morning our kind friend was on hand with the large band waggon, to convey us to the depot, and we soon reached Digby. Here there is another banquet in progress, which, though on a smaller scale than the one at Yarmouth, was a success at night. The barracks was crowded, and many turned away. The meeting was announced as a musical blizzard, and I think it did justice to the name. The people seemed Gospel hardened and we could not persuade them to leave their sins.

On Wednesday we are off home to Bear River, and are overtaken by a heavy rain storm, and most of the boys got pretty wet. A nice supper was prepared for us at the officers' quarters. We found a large crowd at the barracks, considering the bad weather, and had a real nice, lively meeting.

A gentleman took us to Digby next morning in his steamer. Here we made connections with the regular steamer, and soon arrived at Annapolis, and found them preparing for a banquet there, and it was a proper royal affair, everything got up in first class style, and it would be pretty hard to surpass the meeting at night. The hall was crowded, and the best of order and attention were given while we sang, played and spoke, trying to win the people for God. At 11 o'clock a half-night of prayer started, which was a glorious time, so good that it finished by being an all-night meeting, closing about 4.30 o'clock a. m. Many who had had a misty experience got out into clear, pure light, and there was great rejoicing for a time.

Friday we go to Bridgetown. Here the hall is full when we come from the march. We found many of the people here as we had in other places, blinded, deluded by their sins.

Saturday we are off for home, and finish our trip with a grand rally in the old bowling alley.

Items.

At Yarmouth one of the boys said, "The short time I have been with you I have learned to love you much," which was the sentiment of all as regards that fine town.

Two of the boys—Eb bass and leading cornet players—were so royally entertained at Bear River that they failed to make connections with the steamer, and of course got left.

They got a team and drove to Digby to join us again, but en route, from rejoicing or something else, one of them fell out of the wagon.

At the all-night at Annapolis Aunt Jerusha got beautifully saved from spoons, calico and checkers, so she said.

At all the towns the people with whom the boys stayed were extremely kind. May God abundantly bless them for it.

K. K. C.

ST. STEPHENS AROUSED.

We are on the war path still, and a few little things have been happening lately which I must tell you of. They may be of interest to you.

Two of the boys, Capt. H. and C. McLean, have been home for a short furlough. We enjoyed their visit very much, and TWO sought God while they were with us.

• • •

We had a nice trip to St. Andrews and gave them a lift. Twenty started for the 22 mile drive and got there saved and happy. Found the Major and our Cousin very happy, and the banquet passed off very pleasantly indeed. The Major gave quite a discourse on Elijah and Ahab. He told us how Elijah killed the prophets of Baal. We tried hard to persuade the sinner to get saved, but they would not.

• • •

It was very interesting to see how the faithful few there worked to make things a success, and they succeeded.

• • •

Then comes St. Stephens. Well, we had a fine time. Our Cousin could not understand why so many rigs were out, but this is a regular driving town, nearly every house has a horse and rig.

• • •

Here comes Calais corps, Captain and Cadet making enough noise for 40 people. The Major led off in great style, eyes, hands, feet, and all seemed to be at it at once. He puts me in mind of Uncle Ben, of Training Home fame. But we had a grand time and two souls, and our Cousin seemed quite in his element. We all said "God bless you, come again soon."

• • •

Now comes Calais. What a crowd on the street! Here is the place for open-airs. This meeting was past description. Such freedom and happiness. Major got them up in companies to testify, and things roared, and we saw TWELVE out at the penitent-form, some for pardon, some for power, and we finished up a very blessed series of meetings.

• • •

Here are some of the Major's sayings:—Some professors know no more about religion, than a cow does about using a shovel.

Soldiers and Christians ought to get right, keep right, and help some one else to get right.

Some people are like pop-guns, I used when I was a boy, to chew paper and put in them, and have to press so hard before they go off.

Salvationists are like the Royal Horse Artillery cannons. They knock the heads off and make a lot of noise in doing it.

When Major comes to your corps, ask him to tell you about the old lady and the devil blowing the trumpet.

Capt. and Mrs. WRIGHT.

CONTENTS:

	Page
The Round of Life	1
1,000 Candidates Wanted; Pearls from Moncton; Hallelujah Wedding; Opening of Rescue Home at Stratford	3
The Great Anniversary Meetings; Our Battle Axe; Hurrah, Hurrah	3
Missing and Enquiry; Ben's Pickles; Where has Major Scott been?	4
Sleepy Sam ons; Major Spooner's Welcome Home; War Notes	5
War Words from Woodstock; Why Not? The Poor Man's Workshop; A Good Prescription	6
The Commissioner with his Soldiers; An old Favorite; First tour of St. John Brass Band; St. Stephens Aroused	7
Songs, Leaders, etc.	8
Social Reform Fund, Be Definite; Pleasure Seekers	9
Shots from Fort St. John; Auxiliary Notes; Welcomes and Adieus; A Tel-el-Kebir Hero; Palmerston's Plucky Three, etc., etc.	10
Seven Queen City Startlers; Three London Lights; Visitability, etc., etc.	11
Great Camp at Chesterville; Farewell of the French D.O.'s	12
The Devil Rampant in the Queen City; London Weekly Letter; Erie and St. Clair Lilies	13
Hurrah for Hamilton; St. John's Stirring Seven, etc., etc.	14
War Cry Competition List and Notes; Lieut. McGill goes into the States, etc., etc.	15
Coming Events, etc	16

Sinners and Backsliders, Take Warning!

On Sunday a young man, a backslider, sat in our meeting, shaking under the power of God, and, when spoken to about his soul, wept, but refused to yield. The Lieut. spoke to him for a long time, and urged him to get prepared to meet God at once; a number of the, soldiers entreated him to give God his heart. I dealt with him until getting on for ten o'clock, and then left him and came up to the front, and said, "Now, soldiers I want some bombardiers; we must get Brother F—— saved." The soldiers gathered around him, and fell on their knees, and wrestled with God for his soul's Salvation. Ten o'clock came, he still refused, and wanted to leave the hall. I said to him, "My brother, I feel this is your last chance of mercy." "So do I," cried a number of the soldiers. We went on wrestling and pleading; we all felt, if he left the building unsaved, he would be lost. He wept as we pleaded, until a quarter-past ten, when down he went on his knees, and cried unto God to restore unto him His Salvation, and left about half-past ten saved. He attended our meetings up to Monday night, October 14th; next day he left work ill, Friday, October 17th, he died triumphantly trusting in Jesus. Backslider, it may be your turn next; take warning. Capt. E.C.

A TESTIMONY.

Before I was converted, I led a very wild life, and went far and deep into sin and drink. Like the Prodigal, I wandered far, left home and friends, a good situation, and spent my money in riotous living. Many a time when the money was done, I have been glad to sit on four bricks, by the side of a watchman's fire, in the open street, for a night's lodging, and walk the streets in the pouring rain, without a shelter, a home, or a friend; and I never shall forget the day when I was going to jump in the river to end my misery.

While I have been laying ill, I have often thought what a mercy it was God did not cut me down in my sin. I should not have been ready; no, I would have been lost for ever in the burning lake, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, but, Hallelujah! I heard the Saviour's loving call, and I jumped for my life into the arms of Jesus, and have been happy ever since.

Should this fall into the hands of a wandering one—my precious friend, if you go on in rioutous living, and drink, and sin, remember you will be rewarded according to your deeds, and the wages of such is death, and a portion in the burning lake.

To Our Poets.

Some generous comrade, name unknown, has seen our appeal for good songs, and sent us up the following plea in rhyme—no doubt in a spirit of deep sympathy with our need in this respect. The lines run as follows:—

"We want some songs with proper go,
In which some Blood and Fire flow,
To pierce the hardest human heart,
And force them from their sins to part,
Of late they have been very dry—
Of such we have a full supply.
They must be all original,
If not they won't appear at all.
So think and write and do your best,
On war, or peace, or Holiness.
You need not write them very long,
But go to work, and send them on."

We hope this enforcement of our appeal will be well responded to.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1 DID YOU EVER GET LEFT

BY MAJOR BAUGH.

TUNE—*Isn't it funny they don't.*

There's a question that often is asked as a joke,
'Tis this, "Did you ever get left?"
The meanings are many this question suggests
When asked "Did you ever get left?"
If you go for a boat or a train and you find
It's only just gone, but its left you behind,
It may appear funny, but its not very kind
To be asked, "Did you ever get left?"

CHORUS.

Oh, say, did you ever get left?
Oh, say, did you ever get left?
'Twas pleasure you sought,
When trouble you caught.
Oh, say, did you ever get left?

Now here's a poor gambler, we'll just start with him,
And ask, "Did you ever get left?"
You felt fascinated and sure you would win,
But say, "Did you ever get left?"
He'll answer you, "Yes, I thought I would win,
But got disappointed again and again;
I lost all my cash, then I had to give in,
And I felt I was properly left."

Next comes the poor drunkard, we'll ask him the same,
"Oh, say, did you ever get left?"
You once mastered drink, but it now master's you,
Oh, say, "Did you ever get left?"
"Yes, when I first started my drinking career,
The thought of a drunkard I'd treat with a sneer,
I'd never be mastered by whiskey or beer,
But, oh, I got properly left."

There are so many sinners, to mention them all
I'm sure I'd be properly left;
If you think that the drunkards and gamblers are all,
"I'll say "You are properly left."
There's temper and pride which often are seen,
And many a heart, like a cage, is unclean,
God's all-seeing eye can discern you within,
Take care that you do not get left.

Old Satan once thought that he had me so grand,
But, oh, he got properly left:
You are not half so bad as some others you know,
But there he got properly left.
I felt that my sins were too many to bear,
I cried, "Lord have mercy," He answered my prayer,
I fell in the fountain, 'twas good to be there,
And my sins they got properly left.

The Saviour is coming to gather all those
Who hide in the Rock that was cleft;
The sheep on the right hand of Jesus will stand,
While the goats are to stand on the left.
Oh terrible day, poor sinner prepare
While Jesus is waiting to answer your prayer,
If once down in hell there is no pardon there,
In despair you will ever be left.

2 COME AWAY HOME.

BY CAPT. WERRY.

TUNE—*Rock-oby-baby.*

Wandering out on the desert so bare,
Far from the fold and the Shepherd's kind care;
Sinner, O hear now the pleadings of love,
Start for the fair fields of Eden above.

REFRAIN.

While He is calling heed His sweet voice,
While He is waiting make Him your choice;
Dangers surround you, do not delay,
Fear not to follow, haste to obey.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away, come away home,
O sinner, O sinner, O why will you roam,
In mercy the Saviour free pardon will give,
O, come while you may to Jesus and live.

Why will you linger upon the broad way?
Why in the darkness and misery stay?
Pardon and heaven are offered to thee,
Purchased by Jesus on Calvary's tree.

Sinner, awake! and escape from the snare
That's binding and dragging you down to despair;
Be not deceived by earth's glittering show,
That promises pleasure but leads you to woe.

Jesus in pity looks down from the skies,
Offers you mercy and bids you arise;
No one but Him can give life to the soul,
No one but Jesus can make sinners whole.

3 A PENITENT'S PLEA.

BY LIEUT. C. W. FORD.

TUNE—*Nothing but Thy Blood can save Me.*

Lord, my soul is now distressed,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
For Thy law I have transgressed,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
And my sins before me rise
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Up like mountains towards the skies,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

CHORUS.

Oh, no, nothing do I bring, etc.

Pardon through Thy name I plead;
Cleansing in Thy blood I need;
Pity me in my sad plight;
To forgive is Thy delight.

Jesus, now I feel Thee near;
Gone is every doubt and fear;
Peace and joy I now possess,
Through Thy blood and righteousness.

4 HAPPY, COME WHAT MAY.

ED. MORINE, BEAR RIVER.

TUNE—*With a Sorrow for Sin, etc.*

Oh, 'tis nice to be converted,
And from sin to know you're saved,
With your heart made pure and white in Jesus' Blood;
That your title's clear for heaven,
Your transgressions all forgiven,
And you're daily treading in the steps He trod.

CHORUS.

Oh I'm happy come what may
Since King Jesus is my Stay;
And I cannot help but tell it to the world;
For the Saviour He has washed me—
In the Blood of Calvary,
And each day to me his truth He does unfold.

Oh, I'm glad I'm in the Army,
Since from sin I know I'm free,
And that Jesus has become my bosom Friend;
If I faithful shall endure,
Keep my garments spotless pure,
He will guide me safely to my journey's end.

Now poor sinner come to Jesus,
For your soul He waits to bless,
On the Cross He died that you might be set free;
Think of how He must have suffered:
Who those wounds could endure—
But the Lamb, the spotless Lamb of Calvary?

5 COMING TO THE FOUNTAIN

BY A FRIEND, HAMILTON.

TUNE—*Shall we Gather at the River?*

Jesus, Saviour, I am waiting
To be cleansed from every sin;
Wash me in the precious fountain,
Make me pure and white within.

CHORUS.

Yes, I am coming to the fountain;
Coming to the precious, cleansing fountain;
Wash me in the sin-cleansing fountain,
And make me white as snow.

Long I've waited, long I've struggled
For the cleansing power within;
But "as I am" to Thee I'm coming;
Take me, make me free from sin.

Now I feel the blood applied,
Christ has satisfied, I know;
The blood from His precious, wounded side
Makes me now as white as snow.

6 REST FOR THEE.

BY CAPT. GIDEON MILLER.

TUNE—*Life for a look.*

There is rest in the Saviour,
Oh poor trembling soul,
There is rest at this moment for thee
Then come as you are
He will not cast you out,
There is rest in the Saviour for thee.

CHORUS

Rest, rest, rest, for thee.
Then come as you are
With your poor weary soul,
There is rest in the Saviour for thee.

It was for you on the cross
His own life He gave,
Just look at His sufferings for thee,
Then come with your load
Of sin, guilt, and shame,
There is rest in the Saviour for thee.

There is room at the cross
For all who will come,
Salvation is full and so free,
Oh, why then so long in sin go on,
When there is rest in the Saviour for thee?

7 WE MEAN THIS WORLD FOR JESUS.

TUNE—*Come in, My Lord; or, A Life on the Ocean Wave.*

We mean this world for God,
We cannot be denied,
For He has bought it by His Blood,
For this our Saviour died.
We mean to spread His grace
Where so much sin abounds,
Through every clime, in every place,
Salvation songs to sound.

CHORUS.

This world shall be set free,
This is our rallying cry,
From land to land, from sea to sea,
Our colours we will fly.
Advance, advance,
The bugle sounds advance.

Jesus, the Lord of Hosts,
Shall lead the Army on,
For God, the Holy Ghost,
With Him hath made us one.
Wielding the Spirit's sword,
Which pierces hearts of steel,
With mighty power we'll speak the word
And make the rebels kneel.

We mean to win this world
For Christ our glorious King;
Back to his dungeon Satan hurl,
And heaven on earth we'll bring.
This shall be brought about,
The world be born again,
And then with bounding heart we'll shout
"Jehovah now doth reign!"

Oh! for more soldiers bold,
Who for our God will fight
Like those dear men who fought of old,
And served with such delight.
Oh, for more men of power,
Whom naught on earth can scare,
Who always in the darkest hour
For God will do and dare.

NOTE.

The notice on page 8 of last weeks CRY, re Social Reform Fund, should have read, "Will be taken up on Sunday, Oct. 19th, instead of Oct. 18th."

A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS
WAR CRY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1890.

Our Front Page. Particular attention is elicited to our front page this week. "The Round of Life." It shows the different stages of the life of a great many Salvationists. Starting from infancy, it goes to school-boy days, youth, etc., until he becomes a S.A. officer.

Staff-Captains Bennett and Fisher. Our dear comrades who have lately dropped down in our midst are already up to their eyes in their special work. God will mightily use them, and with their help the work can't help but move on faster than ever.

Col. Cadman. The Colonel is hard at it. He has already visited some of our corps in Ontario, and by his wonderful words of council and reproof has won himself into everybody's heart. Comrades, pray that his Special Campaign may be mightily owned of God, not merely in getting many sinners converted, but also in the building up and strengthening of our dear soldiers all over the Dominion.

The Commissioner's Eastern Tour. Our dear Commissioner, assisted by Majors Holland and Leighton, start out on their eastern tour in a few days. Lieut. Lee, the colored songstress and guitar player, accompanies them. Their tour will extend about a month. Every officer and soldier pray that God will accompany them in an especial manner, so that His Kingdom may be greatly extended as the result of our dear leader's visit.

SUFFERING.

From "Mystery of Suffering," by Dr. Brooks, St. Louis.

"There is One who once walked in the darkness,
Forsaken and all alone,
And He left there a voice of singing,
Which He giveth to His own.
He giveth—ah! yes, He giveth—
You can read the mystery now;
For He strikes the joyous key-note
Where the circling seraphs bow.

Is the midnight closing round you?
Are the shadows dark and long?
Ask Him to come close beside you,
And He'll give you a new sweet song;
He'll give it and sing it with you;
And, when weakness lets it down,
He'll take up the broken cadence
And blend it with His own.

And many a rapturous minstrel,
Among those sons of light,
Will say of His sweetest music,
"I learned it in the night";
And many a rolling anthem,
That fills the Father's home,
Sobbed out its first rehearsal
In the shade of a darkened room."

BE DEFINITE.

LIEUT. MALYON.

While picking up the dear old "War Cry," which has improved and become very interesting, and finding pieces written by old comrades whom I know well, and some with whom I have worked, and while reading their reports, seasoned with the Spirit, it has brought me back to old times and made my heart burn within me; and while others have encouraged me, I have wondered if I couldn't improve the one wee talent God has given me, and try and cheer somebody else.

If a man or a woman starts out with a definite object in view, of gaining success and pleasure, and all the world can afford to give, as far as these things satisfy, their anticipations are more than met. How eager they are; they meet with some person whose pursuits are in the same direction, they are of the same spirit, as it were, and understand one another, because their aims were the same. And while they expressed their mind to one another, how fresh life seemed to stir up their very being.

And it is the same on the other hand. A person may have had all the wealth his heart craved for, but someway he has lost it all, and he meets with someone just in his circumstances, and how their hearts cling around and sympathize with one another.

We have to pass through the furnace ourselves before we can thoroughly understand what others suffer. Oh! to be able to "weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice," and to be willing to suffer with those who suffer, and to sympathize with those who need sympathy.

Never was my heart more drawn out in love and pity for the poor backslider than this last week, as I saw them crying in their seats, and great tears of remorse and bitterness rolling down their cheeks. This must be the Wormwood and the Gall Jeremiah speaks of concerning the prophets. Oh, how bitter it is to drink. Once walked with God, lived in touch with Him, knew His voice, and heard His faintest whisper, and how sweet the communion was, unruffled and unbroken, and how willing, and swift their feet were to run to do His bidding. But alas, in an unwatched for moment, the coil that has been wrapped so tenderly around so many souls, has gradually bound them body and soul, and cast them into the pit, that has enamored them.

The pride of the eye, and the lust of the flesh, how delicately the serpent has laid it out before them, and how enticing it has looked, and, like poor Eve, they have taken of the forbidden fruit, and gradually they have gone down till they see where they are, and the remorse and shame they feel.

Oh, how they long to be reclaimed, but it seems they cannot get loose. I do not feel like pushing them down, but my heart goes out in love for them. What good hearts they seem to have, and kind, when dealt with in love.

My prayer is, "Oh God, keep us steadfast, and all the shore lines cut loose, and fill and keep filled with fire, and zeal, and love, and the Christ sympathy that will compel us to take them by the hand, and plead with them to come to the fold and bathe in the beautiful stream."

If a poor, weary, worn, heart-stricken, and sore backslider reads this, some who can look back to the time when they said, "I will be true Lord to Thee," just stop and think. Jesus to-day invites you to come home. Come away.

I once was a poor, miserable backslider, a real Christ-rejecter, and oh, the years of intense agony and remorse of soul. I never could make you understand, and the chains that bound me down, I do not think ever would have been broken. If people had not come to the town I was in, filled with Divine love and power. It seemed I could see Jesus walking in them. But to-day I am breathing in the atmosphere of Jesus. What a change. It seemed such a step. But oh, when I ventured, the peace that Jesus gave unto me. Hallelujah. Lieut. MALYON.

FROM LISGAR STREET.

Major Spooner and myself spent a very enjoyable day at Lisgar street barracks on Sunday. God displayed His power in saving and sanctifying. Three came for sanctification at the holiness meeting. One of them was a sister who disobeyed the call of God, and would not go into the field. They all got the blessing. Hallelujah. I was sorry to find some who acknowledged they were not right with God, And refused to get right. I pray that God will open their eyes. Anyone who is wrong and wont get right, is nothing more or less than a sinner. We had a grand time in Bellwood's park. When we arrived we found the Arthur St. corps commanded by Adjt. Leonard when the united corps went in with all their heart.

Knee-drill and the holiness meetings were real good times to our souls. The D. O. spoke with great power, and so did Ensign Moore and Scribe Peard and Capt. Andrews.

I heard a hotel-keeper say he liked the band very well, and he wants them soon to come again and play outside his hotel. We closed the morning meeting with one soul. The afternoon and night meetings were glorious times, which shall not be forgotten very soon. At night, another soul came and found the Saviour. Hallelujah.

I can say that the Ingersoll brass band did good service. God bless the boys is my prayer.

On Monday afternoon, officers from surrounding corps, including Capts. Hett and Grant from Woodstock; Capt. Walker and Lieutenant from Tilsonburg; Capt. Oder and Lieutenant from Otterville, came to help us.

In the afternoon, we had a holiness meeting, led by the D. O., and I can assure you that those who were there, felt God very near.

The night meeting was the crowning time, everybody seemed to go right in for God and souls. The songs and the testimonies and the lessons which were read by the D. O., seemed to take right hold of the crowds. God was speaking very loud to their hearts as the D. O. was pleading with the people. It seemed very hard for them to give up their sins and wrong doing; but at last one came and then another, and so they kept coming, till six was at the mercy seat. I believe that God saved them, as they testify ever since. We then closed our sixth Anniversary with eight souls, and more determined to fight for God and take up our Cross daily.

FRIO AXEL.

D.O.'s and F.O.'s Attention!

THE QUARTERLY COLLECTION

— FOR THE —

Social Reform Fund

WILL BE HELD ON

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19th,

— IN THE —

Eastern, Western, and Toronto Divisions.

The Sunday offerings will be sent on to Headquarters for this fund, which will be used to assist in the support of the Prison Gate Work, Female Rescue Homes and Children's Shelters, the great needs of which you are aware of.

* * * *

Field Officers will please fill up the small slip sent them and carry out the instructions given on same.

Now, comrades, help, all help, officers, soldiers, friends, and toughs, join and help us in these, our great financial burdens.

Officers commanding corps will explain fully and appeal for the above fund.

You should have heard a sister talk on pride. While she spoke some of the people were seen to drop their heads and hit the ground with their parasol. The crowd was very large and a good collection was taken up.

At night in Lisgar street barracks we had six precious souls crying for mercy. The tears flowed freely, and their were some genuine conviction. ENSIGN LOGAN.

NORWICH'S SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

For some week's past, there had been a great talk about our anniversary, and what a time the S. A. were going to have. At last, the time of our three days "go" came, and with it D. O. Sharp, Ensign Moore, Scribe Peard, Capt. Andrews, and the "Ingersoll brass band."

As we marched on Saturday night, there was such a crowd of people and rigs, that it was almost impossible to get through. The inside meeting went off with a swing. God was with us, although we did not see any results.

Sunday was a blessed day to our souls.

Read This from Cornwall.

During the last two weeks the Cornwall Corps has gone through, what to them, has been a wonderful experience.

When Capt. Viner and Cadet Sale farewelled, two weeks ago, the corps was in hourly expectation of the new officers. However they have not yet arrived. We were not long left alone until we made the discovery that we had been trusting too much to officers and too little in God to carry on the war. Consequently we felt like Samson when shorn of his hair. But thank God the enemy did not overcome us as they did Samson; for as soon as we realized our mistake, we sent a united cry up to God, for strength and wisdom to carry on the war in the absence of human leaders. Thank God that we felt our helplessness, that our emptiness was made so plain that all we could do was to cry to Him to fill us. Bless Him He did fill us, filled us to overflowing! The more we trusted the more God blessed and strengthened us, and the more we felt the blessing the more we trusted. It has been a time of drawing nearer to each other and of unitedly drawing nearer to God. The consequence is that our meetings have been a grand success. Souls have been saved, and the people of Cornwall have been convinced that the S.A. as represented here is fully alive and equipped for the battle.

God bless our new officers when they do come. We have resolved more than ever to hold up their hands and help them pull down and build up. J. R.

FROM CENTRE STREET.

Since coming to Centre Street our hearts have been moved with love and compassion towards the people of this ward.

It is with gratitude to God that we continue to praise Him for having saved us to save others.

God has already reclaimed two backsliders. They march, speak, sing, and pray. Glory to God. There is no room for dry bones in our ranks here.

While out calling from door to door the other day, I knocked at a door and was answered from the upstair window by a poor, besotted, drunken man. He asked me to come upstairs. I hesitated for a moment, scarcely knowing whether it would be wise to go or not. Suddenly he renewed the invitation by firing a bottle of ink at me. Just then a woman more dirty and debauched, if possible, appeared at the window, so up the stairs I went, praying to my Father to help me. He did in a wonderful manner help me to talk straight to those precious souls. The poor man wept bitterly and acknowledged the depth of sin and misery he was in, but he said he could not help himself. I knew he could not help himself, but Jesus could set him free. I sang and prayed with them and left them.

We called since to see them and found them sober but still without Christ, but we are praying and believing God will save many such cases. Amen.

We can depend on our soldiers. God bless them.

We are resting in the finished work of Jesus.

CAPT. MILLIGAN AND CADET BOWRON.

SUNDAY AT LIPPINCOTT.

ANNIVERSARY SUNDAY at Lippincott St. was a time of blessing and power. Several of the comrades from the Montreal Division belonging to the "Iconoclast" Band, headed by the splendid silk banner which was presented to the S. A. by the Mayor, Chief of Police and citizens of Cornwall in appreciation of the good work God had done through the S. A. were an attraction and God came upon the meeting in blessing and power. Many were deeply convicted, others very much helped in their souls, and one dear sister came weeping to the penitent-form and asked God to save her from all sin. We closed the meeting feeling that God had used us to bless many souls and we give Him all the glory.
—J. H. GLOVER, D. O.

PLEASURE SEEKERS.

Stop! Think! With eternity just before you, are you satisfied? Do you feel sure you are building on a good foundation, that which will stand the test when you appear before the Judgment seat of Christ, or is it only wood, hay, stubble, on the sinking sands of wordly amusements? Oh! What a sifting time it will be, when every man's work shall be tried, of what sort it is. Do not be deceived, God is not mocked, and "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." ("For if ye sow to the flesh, ye shall of the flesh reap corruption, but if ye sow to the Spirit ye shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.") Now seeking the pleasures and amusements of the world, is not sowing to the Spirit, and therefore must be sowing to the flesh. What a terrible harvest you will reap, if you continue sowing as you are now doing. The life is far too short to spend the precious moments in such a trifling way. Can you ask God's blessing on what you are doing? or would you like to be called into eternity from the scene of your amusement? You do not know, the Lord may come for you in the midst of all your folly, and what would you do? Oh, how would you meet Him whom you have slighted, and rejected in this life, the dear, loving Saviour who wishes to come into your heart and live and give you the true pleasure that your soul craves; the pleasures of sin are deceiving, you have nothing when it is past; but Jesus gives real joy and happiness, which will increase more and more as the days go by, and when eternity dawns upon you, the bliss will never, never end. Glory to Jesus for ever! Yours living for the next world.

Shots From Fort St. John.

Carleton barracks opened with a swing on Sept. 6th. Eastern headquarters' staff officers, and soldiers, from all parts of the city were present and a wonderful time was had.

* * *

Major Jacobs and Adjutant Cousins had a proper go in at St. Andrews and St. Stephens lately. They also visited Calais, Maine, for a meeting where God manifested Himself in a wonderful manner. Thirteen souls for Salvation and holiness. Glory to God.

* * *

Give to Jesus glory. Hallelujah. About 50 soldiers have been added to the roll during the month of August, and I am very pleased to note that the total on the roll in the Eastern Division for August is greater than any month during the last two years.

* * *

Before this reaches you about twenty stations will have changed officers. Being deeply interested in the soul-saving work I sincerely pray that each officer will be such a co-worker with God in their new station, that as a result many souls will be gloriously saved.

* * *

Eastern forces are prepared to give Commissioner and Staff a hearty welcome to the East again.

* * *

Major Jacobs is visiting Lawrencetown, Lunenburg, and Liverpool this week-end and I expect in my next report to be able to give you a note or two of the war in those places.

* * *

Moncton District reports 87 prisoners and backsliders captured and 35 soldiers added to the roll during August.

* * *

Well, I declare! A wedding is fixed for Sept. 25th at the old Bowling Alley, St. John I corps. Who are the contracting parties? More anon. BANJO.

AUXILIARY NOTES.

Almost immediately on our arrival at Headquarters, the other afternoon, we were greeted with the joyful news that our energetic Auxiliary, Mr. H—, had been successful in obtaining two new members for our League, and during our absence he had called with their subscriptions. This was certainly a very substantial "cheer-up," and with thankful hearts, cheered and encouraged for our afternoon's work, we went to our Auxiliary room. At the commencement of the week; trusting in His precious promise,—"If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it;" and knowing that our Heavenly Father holds the keys of bounteous storehouses, and delights to shower gifts upon His children; we prayed for $35 before the close of the week.

* * *

And now it is Saturday afternoon and our prayer still remains unanswered (although we have certainly received the droppings of the promised shower).

There is a knock at our door, and we are pleased once more to welcome our friend Mr. H—; after thanking him for yesterday's pleasant surprise, he tells us of new victories he has won. Trusting in the Lord for strength and success, he had been seeking to interest others in our Army's work, and as a result had secured five new Auxiliary members. We only wish you could have seen our joy as he handed us that $25. And quickly the good news flew over the Temple, for of course our hearts were too full to keep it to ourselves.

And thus, already the Lord had sent us more than we asked for; truly He does for us "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." For during the afternoon our hearts were gladdened by receiving more subscriptions for His blessed work.

God has so much more in store for us than we claim. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Do we realize the broadness of that promise?

We may unlock the Heavenly storehouse and obtain rich blessings. How much more successful our work would be, if, taking Christ at His word, we individually claimed these precious promises.

In order to obtain the blessings we must meet the conditions. We must be in Christ, our life hid with His in God; then His Holy Spirit prompts the requests, and Christ bestows the faith to claim the promised blessing; then we obtain the desire of our heart, and prove that "He is faithful that promised."

Before Mr. H— left he told us he was going in for 50 new Auxiliaries, so we supplied him with bait in the shape of "All the Worlds," and we earnestly pray that he may soon return with a full net.

Dear comrades, let this stimulate you to more earnest efforts in the extension of our League. If each S.A.A. would only form and carry out a similar resolution, how quickly our number of members would be increased, and how many of earth's sin-burdened ones would hear perhaps for the first time the "good tidings of great joy." People are so ignorant of our work, and of the motives which lead us to adopt such *extravagant* methods, and as a result so much prejudice exists simply from want of knowledge.

God through the Army has blessed and helped you; will you not in return strive to interest others, by explaining our work, and thus assist in the glorious work of going out into the highways and hedges, and "compelling them to come in."

E. A. M.

Welcomes and Adieus

AT MONTREAL.

As we arrived in Montreal a right royal welcome to Staff-Capt. Simco from England was the order of the day, he having been there to represent the French Canadian work at the Great Crystal Palace Demonstrations, also to press the needs of this work, before our Leaders and the people. On Friday evening we all met together at No IV. to have a social cup of tea with our dear Staff. and Mrs. Simco, also little Ruth. It is needless to say there were cakes and fruit in abundance which all seemed to enjoy very much, but best of all we felt it was good to be there where we enjoyed so much of the Divine Presence of our dear Lord. We were all glad to see the "Band" come along to give us a lift and indeed they did very good service. The meeting commenced with the tune "Welcome Home" from the "Band" which was rendered very nicely. Since I last heard them play I can tell you, without flattery, that they have improved very much, God bless them. All seemed to enjoy the singing, judging from the way in which all joined in the chorus.

Testimonials were given to God's glory

From Hearts truly Changed

by the Grace of God and saved from the power of sin. Staff. Capt. gave an account of what he saw and heard while in England, which was very interesting, and Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco read the "Word," the hall was filled with a very attentive audience, who seemed to drink in everything that was said. We feel sure God spoke to many in that meeting; also that the seed was sown in some hearts that shall be reaped bye-and-bye.

May God grant it, is our prayer. Along with the welcome meeting and all the rejoicing to-night our hearts grow sad within us when we think of it being also the "Farewell" of our beloved leaders, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Simco. It is not without many heartfelt regrets that we meet together, knowing that it will be the last meeting and social that we shall have together for perhaps a long time. But as we look back and see how wonderfully God has blessed and helped these, our dear leaders, in this French war, we cannot but thank Him for the past and pray that their future career, wherever it may be, will be blessed and owned by our Father in heaven and that they may be used in bringing

Many Souls to His Feet.

Although we feel so keenly parting with our dear Staff-Capt. and Mother who has labored so faithfully amongst us, we know that our God does not make mistakes in these matters, so we dare not murmur, but we are determined by God's grace to fight and push on the war against sin and if we are true we shall all meet in Heaven.

A la fin de ce voyage
Nous serons couronne.

LIEUTENANTE COLE.

A TEL-EL-KEBIR HERO.

SALVATIONISTS who believe in the almighty sustaining power of God's grace, come with us and see in the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir a loyal comrade lying dreadfully wounded, leaning on his rifle on top of the trenches—the big drummer of the 74th Light Highlanders—his left arm shattered by a bullet. Unitedly his comrades sing around him,

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know thou art mine!

Glorious, blessed, grand salvation! Oh, joyous sustaining power!

Faint from loss of blood, the Salvation Army drummer sinks on the sand. To the doctor he says, "Sir, dress all my comrades first. Jesus is mine! Many of my comrades are unsaved."

The doctor replies, "You are a noble fellow." Examining his shattered arm, the doctor said, "My boy, you will lose that arm."

Mark the reply—"Hallelujah! I'll have one left to beat the drum."

Thank God for the true salvation spirit that enables the wounded to say, "**Never mind me!**" God give us soldiers for our **spiritual war of like calibre!**

Palmerston's Plucky Three.

—3—

ADJT. LEONARD.

The Quack Loses his Crowd.

PT. ELGIN.—After being away for some time at Bayfield Camp meetings, I returned home, having received may blessings while there. I found Lieut. and converts and soldiers hammering away at the devil. We have had rousing times this week. A doctor, with some good singers, has been holding free concerts on the streets and selling medicine for the body. Although we are no doctors we have a great Physician with us, and His Medicine cures the disease of the soul; so we got torches and 14 of us started a free concert a block away. See the crowd come; soon nearly all the people are around us; the doctor has to close; hundreds of people crowd around us; some yell, others help us to sing, others throw dust in the air, and an awful row in general is raised for about 30 minutes, and then we marched to the barracks where we had a powerful meeting and a big crowd. God has given us one good case of conversion this week. The soldiers and recruits have stood their ground well and many victories are in store for the 12th. The boys are sometimes a little rough, but they love the Army, and soon we hope to see a break among them.—Capt. ARTHUR SLOTE.

Lord, Send the Shower.

LISTOWEL.—Victory is coming. The droppings of a shower fell on Sunday, when two prodigals—a father and daughter—came back to the fold. There is a general seeking for more of the conquering power on the part of the soldiers, and a determination to have the Holy Ghost within, and the Calvary spirit filling every soul. We are bound to win.—Capt. and Mrs. WEBRY.

Saved Go-Ahead People.

WINGHAM.—I feel glad that it is victory every hour while living 'neath the smile of God. We are proving it every day. Our meetings are good, and sinners are coming to the Fountain and God is putting them right. In Wingham corps there are soldiers who can be depended upon and who seek the interest of the Kingdom first. Pray that they may always be the same go-ahead, people, for God and souls.—Capt. S. SMITH.

BARRIE'S PITHY EIGHT.

—8—

MAJOR CALHOUN.

Salvation or Damnation.

NEWMARKET.—We are glad to state that things are looking up here. The soldiers are getting more fire, and the meetings are picking up in numbers. God is working among us. The people are being woke up to the fact that it is either Salvation or damnation, so we are expecting victory.—E. WISEMAN.

She Got the $1 Anyhow.

BARRIE.—One soul on Sunday. Thursday, "old saints soiree," led by Mother Cameron and assisted by Daddy Moore. It was good. God gave to all a blessing. Mother Walker sang a solo and got the $1, and says if anyone else will give her a dollar she will go to Toronto and sing it again. One lad under the influence of drink said, "I want to tell you what the Army has done for me. It has made me think, and I would like to be free from the power of drink." He can be. Praise the Lord.—Capt. DESSON.

Where He is Living.

AURORA.—We thank God for good meetings. Our crowds are getting better, and we believe God will do something more through the S.A. in the future than He has done in the past. Souls are weeping over their sins. God bless you, my readers. If you have not made your peace with God do so at once. I am living in the presence of God to glorify His dear name and see souls saved.—Capt. J. W. BLACK.

The Crust Broken Through.

COLLINGWOOD.—Praise God, we are alive here in this place. We have been careless in sending reports to the WAR CRY, (this is too bad.—ED.) but bless God we have not been careless in the work of God. We have been working with all our might, and God does help us to gain the victory over the devil. The Lord is with us. We had a visit from our new D.O., Major Calhoun, and his scribe last week. We had a good time. One soul got saved and blessed. We are going to have victory here. We have broken through the crust the devil had made to hold down God's people, which was a cold, careless spite. **Praise God, things are looking** better every way. We mean victory at all cost by the help of God.—Capt. ELLERY.

A Good Place to Live In.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Since last report we have had some blessed times in our corps, for we have had the joy of seeing five precious souls weep their way to the footstool of mercy, where they found the blessed promise which says, "He will save to the uttermost all who come to Him." Some of our soldiers are getting into full uniform, which, backed up by the power of God, wields a mighty influence for God. We are living in such a position as enables us to hear the commands of God, which, when obeyed, gives us the joy of His Salvation and brings about the extension of His Kingdom.—Capt. WILLIAMS and WIFE.

Quality as well as Quantity.

HUNTSVILLE.—Another week of victory. The devil raging. Another soul has come to Jesus. Since you heard from us some have got sanctified. We are in for quality as well as quantity. Our King shall reign. Praise the Lord.—Captain D. G. H.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, THREE

—3—

D. O. GRAYSON.

Matched for the Devil.

"Do we praise God, from whom all blessings flow?" yes, we do. We must praise Him as we look and see those who have been saved by His wonderful power, from sin and its strongholds; yes, sin was destroying both body and soul. Many of our comrades experiences that they have found there is mercy in Jesus and pardon for all who will wash in the blood. We thank God for Two more who have come to the cleansing stream since you heard from us last, and God is making them strong and more than a match against the evil one.—C. C.

Out of the Lock-up.

CALGARRY.—Victory is on our side this week. Hallelujah! Four more prisoners captured for our King. Two on Sunday night and two on Wednesday night. One (a very hard case) had been drinking and having a great spree just a day or so before and was in the lock-up; but when he came to the penitent-form he was perfectly sober and his eyes were wide open to the blackness of his heart and life. Oh, how he wrestled and prayed to God to save him! He went home trusting and had his sins forgiven. I called on him the following day and his wife said there was a great change in him and she was so glad she did not know what to do; as I prayed and talked to them they were both affected and especially his wife who wept as I urged her to give her heart to God and go with her husband, she promised she would, and we are believing to see them both Blood and Fire soldiers and their home made happy. We mean to bring the people to God.

Just out of Jail.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I was in Vancouver over Sunday and we had a real good time. Starting at knee-drill with our minds on God and faith for the day. God was with us in power and although it was warm, crowds came to listen to the simple story and two souls came to Christ with burdened hearts and were set at liberty. One had just come out of jail. Bless the Lamb forever! To God be all the glory. —THE SCOTCH LASSIE.

A Couple from Kingston.

—0—

MAJOR BAUGH.

The Secret of Success.

CANIFTON.—This station has been without officers for some time, but praise God He has some soldiers here who don't backslide when the officers go away. They find Christ, the Captain of their salvation is ever near. Last night was soldiers' roll call, and a few of us met together; God was in the midst and fulfilled His promises. Everyone said they had been blessed and their souls received good; it was a heart-searching time. We have found that the secret of success is in being cleansed from every stain ourselves, and then God can use us. May He do so, to His own glory. Amen.—Capt. MCCLENAGHAN.

The Four & Funny Man.

ODESSA.—O! what a Redeemer! Major Baugh and the Scribe has been with us for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, also a big load of Sals. from Bath. Beleen, the funny man, the Evans and the Whetstone, the sword with the Spirit, were all sharpened up ready for the devil. It was a grand time. Many, we hope, were slain of the Lord. The Major read from his little book "What soldiers do if good enough." Capt. L. was enroled under the flag.—Capt. LLOYD.

Halifax District Sends Three.

—2—

D. O. BOLTON.

What a Mighty Change!

LUNENBURG.—The soldiers and converts thank God for His keeping power, and when a short time ago some were smoking, swearing and having an occasional drink, since commencing to pray these have gone, and now we delight to march, sing, speak or pray. We are satisfied that living for God is the best.

Two Catholics Saved. Good!

NEW GLASGOW.—"Awake thou who sleepest and write a report for the CRY," is the command we hear from every quarter, so here goes. Well, we are properly aroused to the interests of the Kingdom, and day by day our efforts are to extend it, and I think we have ample reason to rejoice that our efforts are not in vain, for there has been a few of late who have awoke from their sleep of indifference and came to the Blood and got saved. There have been two Catholics saved recently, and they are doing well. They march, sing, pray, and speak of the blessed power of God to save from sin. Religion is no longer a form or creed to them, but a living power which has changed their lives, and which helps them to live in obedience to the will of God. D.O. Bolton and "Si" have just paid us a visit which was much appreciated by all. The D.O. spoke for some time on the progress of the S.A., and also gave statistics which go to prove that we are marching on. So we give God the glory and go forward.—Capt. MCLEAN.

Devil Versus Saints.

WATERVILLE.—Although the fight seems hard in this place, still we are determined to conquer. As some people said the Army was making more devils than saints, we announced that would be the subject of our Thursday night's meeting. So with the testimonies from the soldiers, and the words of Jesus, "I would thou were cold or hot," the Spirit revealed that God had glorified all the way through. We mean to be real hot in God's work, then we know we shall win.—H.B. & Co.

SEVEN QUEEN CITY STARTLERS.

—3—

MAJOR MARGETTS.

D. O. MARSHALL.

Victory All the Way.

BRAMPTON.—Praise God for victory. We have had another good week. God has been very near us and helped us do our part. We have had victory all the way along. Yesterday was a day of blessing to our own souls, and things went along very nice. Capt. S. F. WARDER.

A Welcome to Two Drunks.

TORONTO, VIII.—"Labor has sure reward." Since our visit at camp it has been hard to get the people into the barracks. Nevertheless we don't believe in talking to empty seats. Good crowds and attention in the open air. At Thursday night's sing-song there was a fine crowd inside. Good meetings Sunday; farewell of a comrade and welcome home for two drunkards. Now if you doubt our good times just come to Arthur street and see and believe. We give to Jesus Glory.

Cadet HARDING.

Two Babies Dedicated.

TORONTO, XIII.—Since last report we have had big times here. Thursday night had been announced for a dedication service. Mother Banks and Ensign Matthews came to our assistance, when two children were given up to the Lord, the parents of whom were soldiers, and I am sure if they are true to the vows taken upon them there they will be good soldiers in time. On Sunday we had good meetings all day, led by Marjor Margetts and Ensign Archibald, when everybody went in for, and, I believe, had a good time to their souls. The Lord is keeping us true, and we are going in to do as much damage to the old devil's kingdom as possible. Hallelujah. Cadet JENNIE DIMMICK.

In the Centre of Fire.

TORONTO, V.—"Victory for Riverside yet!" was what one of our band boys exclaimed in our prayer meeting on Sunday night, and anyone who was there would think that the devil was in for a hot time, and I guess he will be, for the band boys had a private council after the afternoon meeting, and yet it looked out that they are down on the devil harder than ever. Every effort in that line is cheerfully acknowledged by God. Our meeting is more spiritual than ever. That seven o'clock knee-drill was a terror to the devil, also our local officers meeting. How God blessed our souls as one after another spoke of their determination to do the whole will of God, and one especially who said that the past had for a few months been black and dark and she had lost her interest in the work, but she came to a place where she either had to renounce Christ entirely or go in for blood and fire and as a wise person resolved for the latter, and praise God she is bearing fruit to that end. Our prayer is that God may keep the fire burning and help us to stay in the centre of the fire. The Cadets and myself are saved all over. Hallelujah to the Lamb. Yours, over the Don. Capt. HOUSTON.

God can Save the Publicans.

ORANGEVILLE.—We are having blood and fire times here of late, and good crowds in the open air. The people are so kind. God bless and save them. Last Saturday, one hotel-keeper, whom I had often asked to buy a "Cry", bought one, and the bar-tender who had so often snarled at me before, smiled and said, "you have got the victory at last." Lord break the publicans hearts. Amen. I hate sin and the devil with a desperate hatred and am in for winning souls for God.

Capt. T. WILLIAMS.

How They Enjoy It.

PROTON, DUNDALK, O. P.—Hallelujah! We are still marching on in the strength of our King. Since last report we have been having some good meetings. The people of Proton know how to enjoy Army meetings. If they were saved they would make good soldiers. We are believing for a break soon. Look out for next report for we are in for victory. Yours in the fight. Lieut. BENNINGTON.

The D. O. and His Wife Visit.

DUNDALK.—After resting for some time, thank God I am to the front again, and feel like going in to win souls for God. On Thursday night we had Staff Capt. and Mrs. Marshall, also Lieut. Martin with us for a jubilee. We had a real good time and a fair crowd considering the weather, which was not in our favor. Thank God we are getting along nicely and believing for a smash in the devil's ranks before long.

Capt. TILLIE BOYLE.

THREE LONDON LIGHTS.

—2—

MAJOR PHILPOTT.

He Walked For the Blessing.

ST. MARY'S.—Hallelujah. We are on the winning side. "The Lord of hosts is with us and the God of Jacob is our refuge". Our meetings all day Sunday, were good. One brother *walked two miles to knee-drill* to be sanctified. He got what he came for, also another got the victory. So on we are marching in the strength of Jehovah. We are certain of victory.

Lieut. VINA CREAMER.

The Destroying Angel.

WYOMING.—After saying good-bye to the comrades of Stratford orders came to supply at Wyoming. The soldiers gave me a warm reception which made me feel right at home. Our holiness meeting on Sunday morning was grand. One brother said he felt almost in Heaven, and we were all led to say as Peter did, "it is good to be here." In the afternoon we met together for a march. There were twenty in the ranks. After marching round the principle streets we went into the barracks and had a good old time, free and easy. You should hear these soldiers sing. At night we had a very impressive meeting. We read for our lesson where the Destroying Angel passed through the land of Egypt and smote the firstborn amongst the Egyptians, and God helped us to show the people unless they have the blood sprinkled over their hearts they can never enter Heaven. Conviction could be seen stamped on some of their faces, but they would not yield. May God open their eyes before it is too late, is our prayer.

Lieut. J. HUNT.

Faith and Works Rewarded.

STRATFORD.—Yesterday we had a crowning time. We met at 7 a.m. for knee drill. Although our number was not large the Lord came and filled our souls. The holiness meeting was a heart searching time. And in the afternoon we laid hold of God for souls, but no one yielded, so after the meeting was over we had a short prayer meeting among ourselves, to try and find out the reason, and we all promised that we would wait upon God for twenty minutes, before coming to the night meeting in our own room, and God answered our prayer, for we had a blessed time at night with two souls in the fountain. Bless God. Capt. DEAN.

Have you seen the new Rescue Collecting Box? 1000 people wanted to take one each. Send for one.

PETERBORO' CONTRIBUTES THREE.

—5—

MAJOR SPOONER.

PORT PERRY.—We are still alive in Port Perry. The work is still going ahead. Many are feeling their need of Salvation, but the "not to-night" devil is working on them. We are not easily discouraged. Our God is mighty to give us the victory. Yours to win souls.—Capt. F. W.

Three in the Fountain.

COURTICE.—God's Word says, "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy." That is what God has been helping me to do in our holiness meetings. One brother came to make a full surrender unto the Lord, and ONE for Salvation. Good meeting in the afternoon. At night, a soul-saving time, glory to Jesus. The fire has started at last, and our prayer is "O Lord keep it burning." The soldiers and Christians are going ahead; better times coming. Since our last report, one out for a blessing, and THREE in the fountain.—Capt. F. STOCKTON.

No Lazy Folks Wanted.

BROOKLIN.—Praise God for His keeping power. We are well saved. Lots of work and hard fighting makes a good, fat soul. No time for idlers, and lazy folks are not wanted. After walking 14 miles in the country last Thursday with the WAR CRYS, and visiting 12 families, God gave me victory; selling 12 WAR CRYS, and telling three drunkards the story of the Cross in a hotel. When asking some people to buy the the WAR CRY, some scorned it, and others were glad to get one. God save the sinners. ONE soul saved on Sunday.—W. C.

Chatham's Dose of Three.

—14—

D. O. McINTYRE.

The Great C. P. Demonstration.

RIDGETOWN.—I am very thankful to have the privilege of reporting through the columns of the dear old "War Cry" of the victories achieved and advances made on the strongholds of Satan's territory. Having arrived here Aug. 29th, after a month's rest I feel somewhat refreshed in body, more especially in my own soul; so as one we all rise up to the help of the Lord, determined to do what we can for the people's salvation. In the past week three precious souls have rolled their burdens at Jesus' feet. Oh, how willing he was to forgive and receive them. We have just enjoyed a visit from D. O. McIntyre on Saturday and Sunday. He gave us some account of the C. P. Demonstration, and also of our own Division. Our soldiers' holiness and public meetings are good. God is with us.—Capt. HOAG.

Painted on the Colors.

NEWBURY.—Took charge here last week. Found that the devil had the upper hand. We pray that it will not always be so. We have painted on our colors "Newbury for Jesus." God grant it may be so. Lieut. J. A. WISEMAN.

Prodigals Coming Home.

CHATHAM.—Another change has taken place; another farewell gone through. We have said good-bye to our dear comrades at the Falls, and have come on here full of faith for mighty victory. Hallelujah! God's spirit has been indeed working on the backsliders and ten weary prodigals have come back to the fold, also a sin-sick soul who found peace and pardon in Christ.—E. MACNAMARA, Capt.

Three Manitoba Missives.

—1—

MAJOR MORRIS.

Oh, Ye Backsliders.

BRANDON.—Through Christ, we are able to shout "victory." During this past week, we have been proclaiming the truths of God to the souls that are without Jesus. Was the Lord of Hosts with us? Well I should say so, and He did come in, for our souls were blessed. Hallelujah. At knee-drill and all the day through, God helped us at the battle's front. We faced the enemy with the simple truth of righteousness wielding the sword with power. It was asked by a backslider, "did anyone come to God?" No, was the answer, but I did think some one would give in, for God was in the meeting. Yes, He was there to save you, and you would not return to Him. Oh ye backsliders, God shall bring into judgment for the evil of your doing. Sinner why are you delaying your souls Salvation, hell is waiting the wicked. Turn to the Lord and seek Salvation, and ye shall live.—Lieut. A. GORDON.

The Great Harvest Home.

NEEPAWA.—We see everywhere around here something to remind of the Great Harvest. The people seemed to be very much interested in the present harvest, working from early morning till very late at night, but we see very few who are interested in the great one that is coming by and by. Many don't even thank the Giver for His goodness, but we are doing our best to warn them, and we do believe a reaping time will come, yea, has begun already.—Capt. B. IVERACH.

Four Miles for Salvation.

CARBERRY.—ONE soul last week. He walked four miles to get Salvation in our S. A. meeting. On getting what he came for, he returned to his work, rejoicing and feeling better able to fulfil his duties in the harvest-field, because the burden of sin was removed. Major Morris and his two sons, Lieut. Harry and Frank, were with us on Friday night. We had a good time, although their stay was short.—Lieut. ALICE GORDON.

Moncton District Sends 4.

—12—

D. O. BEATTY.

Professors Abound, But——.

CHATHAM, N. B.—We are truly in love with Jesus. We have met so many who say they love Jesus, but He seems to be the last consideration in their life, that it nerves us on more than ever to be out and out for God and souls. Since the cool weather has commenced, our meetings have been picking up, and the old-time crowds are coming back, but that is not the best, for last night, we were made to rejoice over ONE prodigal coming home and receiving a proper welcome. More to follow.—Capt. KIMBLE.

Very Short, But Very Good.

SPRING HILL MINES.—Another blessed week spent for God. SIX souls and ONE backslider was the result. Hallelujah. Yours for God and souls.—Capt. J. S. MCLEAN.

Sinners Must Repent of Sin.

SACKVILLE, N. B.—"Come, come, everybody come." Thus the announcement ran for a special meeting the other night. The people turned out grand and we had a good time; hot, sharp testimonies; plain, straight, Gospel truths; prayer, and pleading with the sinner, and yet some went away undecided about their souls' Salvation. But we believe God's Spirit is striving mightily with the people. Again and again do we see them shedding tears and holding their hands up to be prayed for, and we believe before long we shall see many of them at Jesus' feet praying for themselves; and we know that Jesus said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—ALF. & ALEX.

Children Can Be Saved.

NEWCASTLE.—Since last report, God has been with us, and His Spirit has been convincing men of sin. Adjutant Walder was with us for a meeting; he also had a beautiful meeting for the children and FOUR dear ones came to Jesus. His visit was much enjoyed by all. Yours to win. —G. M. ALLAN.

VISITABILITY.

The Army has coined a few words and phrases since they commenced the great soul-saving war. "Stickability," "Keep believing," "Keep saved," have done, and are still doing good work. Might we not coin another, "Visitability"—the ability to visit. I have had something to do with Methodism and the Army for more than twenty years, and I am convinced that there are more failures among ministers, and more failures among Army officers through the want of visitability, than through lack of eloquence or gift of song. Who ever knew a minister or Captain to be a pronounced failure who was a success as a godly visitor? I never did.

Visiting secures sympathy. There is a lot in looking people in the face and grasping their hands. Visiting secures a congregation or audience; visiting gives opportunity for finding out the particular circumstances, and the spiritual state of the people visited, and what a lever that should be when speaking to them in the public meeting. In short, no officer in the Salvation Army need expect to be a success, either spiritually or financially, if he dodges out of the visiting. Doctor Cuyler's plan is to study his Bible in the morning, and study brass knockers in the afternoon. He says a visiting minister makes a church-going people. GUMSUCKER.

More Rescue Homes needed in the Dominion. We must have them. Our fallen sisters must be saved.

Great Camp at Chesterville.

Stirring Time—Major and Mrs. Glover in Command—Good Results — Great Interest — Souls! Souls!! Souls!!! —Saved with one Leg — A Deluge of Water.

The camp ground is beautiful for situation, and it would fail my finite mind to give any adequate description of the magnificence of the place, with the variety of things that surround us, especially it being my first undertaking to report, with the exception of a meeting now and again. But some might be curious to know at least a few of the most prominent things which constitute our health-like surroundings, and for the benefit of those whose hearts are with us, and who would like to have been present, but could not, I will try with God's help and pen a few facts.

Trees differing in quality from each other, jotted here and there all over our camp ground; to the right, left and back, giving a forest-looking appearance, together with tents for officers, soldiers, and friends, which serve as an illum n tion.

As I sit in my tent writing this and stop to look out, there seems to fall upon my enraptured vision an

Awe of Deep Solemnity,

which seems to draw my soul out after the Creator with a keener sense of his greatness.

Our big tent, in which we hold our meetings, stands in the centre, almost surrounded by smaller ones, where from morning till night, almost incessantly, with a few intermissions, the praises of God resounds through wood and dale. Between Senior and Junior meetings there is no time lost. And the praises of God and the Lamb are wafted along, ascending up to the gates of heaven and passing through the celestial portals to the Throne, and in return we receive indescribable blessing as a people of the living God.

The opening meeting was held in the open-air on Friday night, August 29th. As only a few were present in the putting up of the big tent it was impossible to get it up in time, but I was given to understand that nobody got killed with the exception of

One Sinner Who Fell Dead

and was made alive in Christ at the close of the meeting. Everybody I believe kept mellow in their soul through the bitter experience, yet sweetened by the love of Christ, which gave a relish of satisfaction to those engaged.

Saturday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was well spent in getting ready for the campaign in putting up tents, etc., until night, when we had a kind of an uproarious meeting, led by the writer and assisted by a number of D.D's., yet mellowed by a blessed under current of Divine love, flowing from hearts in touch with God. The pouring rain, with frequent intermissions of abatement, kept on all day.

Sunday would have cast a gloomy shadow upon us, but Salvationists are never beaten, so we bent to circumstances, and through God made the best of every thing. The rain kept the greater crowds away. It cleared up for the evening meeting. But where can you put a true Salvationist that they won't have a good time? So assuredly in this case "the wilderness did bud and blossom as a rose," and the place was cheered up with real Salvation melody, and best of all souls were blessed and convicted, so the day closed with an animated feeling of gratitude to God for His blessings.

Monday's meetings were glorious. We had more favorable weather, as the stormy element cleared away and the sun began to shine.

Knee-drill was a time, when we feasted sumptuously upon the rich bounties of full Salvation; when we got a bumping, filling blessing. The meeting was led by Capt. MacNamara.

Then came the holiness meeting, led by Capt. Payne, when Mrs. Major Glover read to us a very spicy portion from the Word, which enlisted the attention and won the hearts of those present to Jesus, and as a result

Three Sought and Found Christ.

God gets all the glory. One of these converts, who had not as much wisdom seemingly as the others, prayed in her own original manner. She pleaded with God to bless her soldiers. "O Lord, bless my Captain, and O Lord Thou knowest You old Maggie when the Army came to Winchester to join them, and O Lord, You know that Maggie joined them."

The night meeting was an enjoyable one, and one prisoner was set free, and I believe a great many had their hearts pretty well cracked and broken up.

I heard somebody cry out in a tent, "Lord bless the silly." Thank God Salvation makes us silly enough to serve Him.

Tuesday's meetings; for these everything was bright and clear, assuring us a day of real victory, and although the looked for results were not so fully realized, yet tears were shed and souls up in their experience, for from knee-drill to Officers' Council and on through the afternoon holiness meeting, God's presence was manifest in such a measure as to let us rejoice with joy unspeakable and very full of glory.

As my time is limited, I cannot give as full a description or do justice to the reporting of these meetings.

Elsewhere you will find notes under the heading "Camp Notes."

Up to the present some ten souls (some Juniors) got saved. One man found Jesus after he went home from the night meeting. A backslider from A—— was present and got so convicted of his sins as he lay on some clothing under the shadow of a tree rolling and tossing in a state of agony, resisting the Spirit of God.

What a Pitiable Scene!

How sad! The Major was doing his best for his physical and spiritual welfare by applying some electric oil on his feverish brow, at the same time dealing with him about his soul. He left the ground unsaved.

Wednesday was rich with blessing throughout, and great good was done. The Scripture says, "A wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Well there was a woman with us part of the time who was touched with this spirit; as well as being spiritual, she was amazingly comical, and she held an audience of officers for some time while preaching to them from a tree stump, which she mounted and expressed her desire to be a Staff-Captain.

On Thursday, we commenced by knee-drill at 7 a.m., which was a deep spiritual time, when the presence and power of God was felt, and richly enjoyed by all present, and even by those who were in bed, for they caught the breeze and partook heartily to their satisfaction of the "Bread of Life," which was broken liberally.

This meeting seemed to uncap the treasury of God, out of which flowed an enriching stream of blessing.

In the officers council afterwards led by Mrs. Major Glover and the ensign, the Major being absent on other important S. A. business. Ensign read from Matt. v., some heart-searching truth dwelling more particularly upon, "*Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted; it is therefore good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the foot of men.*" I thought how appropriate those words were to us as officers of the great S. A. The danger there is of people losing their saltness and so becoming castaways. Ensign illustrated to us how, by the grace of God, we can preserve each town and city, and like Moses keep God from from pouring out His wrath upon the guilty inhabitants thereof. As salt preserves beef, so true Salvationists having saltness in themselves do

Keep the World from Decay

and from being destroyed by the fury, indignation of God! We had indeed in this meeting a profitable soul-inspiring time, which effectually substantiated our Christian bearings and sent us forward, more strongly fortified with Divine power to help Christ and gladden His heart by our earnestness in helping to lift up downtrodden humanity. God help us.

The subject of the afternoon holiness meeting led by Mrs. Major Glover was "The Fruits of Entire Sanctification," which was taken up by her and dealt with ably, enforcing emphatically the necessity of living to bring forth the right kind of fruit, to ensure a happy life and retain the continued favor of God. She remarked, "Sometimes I go around without a cent in my pocket, but having this blessing, I am rich, and it helps me to hold up my head. The devil would not come to me and tell me

To Take a Glass of Liquor,

or put feathers on my hat (or bonnet), for he knows it would be no use. But he knows our weak points, and he comes at us here; therefore the need of watching and praying—every besetting sin—cutting yourself loose from the world. But the fruit of the Spirit differs, for it is love, joy, peace from a pure heart." Some extracts from testimony:—"It used to be a Cross to speak to anybody about their soul, but since I received the blessing of holiness, it is a delight. Thank God, I am in possession of it. I don't try to be anybody else. I am myself, and I don't believe in formality. I pray to please God and not man, and I get blessed." So said a practical church-member.

The night meeting, led by the Ensign, was one of those mixed, medley ones, full of life and Salvationism, which aroused and awakened interest and conviction. The comical manoeuvres that

The "One-legged Prophet"

went through in his part brought a gale of laughter from all directions in the camp, which more than dispelled monotony. While the singing of "Drum, drum" took the place by storm. Likewise the peculiar frame and net-work of the meeting intervened with the beating of timbrels and clapping of hands, together with a solo now and then, came down with preponderous effect upon all present, and solicited the hearty co-operation of singing talent. Was it any wonder then that the people looked on with astonishment, no doubt wishing in their hearts that they had the joy we had? So far, this proved to be one of the most blessed meetings of the camp, for not only did the saint rejoice, but I believe that there was an intermingling of joy "from the presence of the angels." "And righteousness and peace kissed each other."

The fervor of ringing volleys that rent the air from sanctified hearts, told a tale, together with the definite work done, of how God was honoring us by His presence, which awakened a kind of an angry conviction in the hearts of many present.

Friday meetings, there was floods of light and waves of power from morning knee-drill, until the close at night. This night we took prisoner

A Man With One Leg,

who, through his comical ingenuity, thought he would have some sport.

Saturday, the interest was increasing, and this was a very fruitful day, when right throughout the day the air was rife with prayer and songs of praise. How we felt it so good to be here;" and two Juniors were saved. Good for the J. S. war, it is booming. People kept coming in, until a fair crowd greeted us; and the meeting was a solid Salvation meeting, when many went off lame and wounded rejecting the call of mercy. But eternity will reveal the results.

Sunday was a "high old time," using the words of another. The knee-drill, with a promiscuous march; some with hats and caps on, and others with them off, marching among stumps and trees, and around tents, with the singing of choruses, made a novel scene, with the chorus of full Salvation so abundantly brought forward.

Right through the day, the people came pouring in, until a tremendous crowd congregated on the grounds to hear the old, old story. Thank God, the old-time Salvation has not lost its power to attract the crowds. "Where the carcass is, thither will the eagles be gathered together?"

Capt. Payne.

Farewell of the French D.O's.

How shall I describe to you the last French Council we were to have together? Previous to receiving farewell orders, we had that kind of presentiment that the coming meetings were to be of an important nature, and had resolved to strain every nerve in order to re-assemble all the officers working on the French field, to discuss fully the developement of some new schemes for the advancement of the war. We were therefore all the more determined to do so, on receiving the news of an immediate farewell, and although money was very scarce, and as usual the demand was greater than the supply, yet by dint of saving every available cent we managed to procure second class single tickets, trusting that the Lord would provide for the rest of the journey. And He did provide in a most unexpected way. Very soon we found we had not sufficient to pay for the transport of our baggage to the quarters. However, on presenting an "All the World" to a gentleman on the cars, he offered us a quarter for its purchase; then Ruthie started off to make friends, and came back

Enriched with Fifteen Cents,

so you see we were able to pay cabby the very sum he asked, although we had not a cent over! But this is a digression; I wanted to tell you about that Council. It was Saturday morning when we all gathered at the Divisional quarters, to wait upon God. Oh! how divinely near He came to our souls. From the very start we felt the solemn and hallowing influences of His Spirit melting our hearts in loving obedience, although the coming separation meant a great deal more to us than we cared to talk about; in fact we seemed to avoid that subject. God knows best just how we each felt, and it would be vain in these precious moments to waste time on regrets.

Having read together the fourth chapter of 2 Corinthians, and talked of the glorious ministry confided to us, and the consequences of having the Treasure in earthen vessels, etc., etc., we spent a blessed half hour in listening to testimonies.

With an unanimity complete, each showed their determination and conviction by God's grace to be true to the end, and

Not to flinch or falter

in carrying out the divine commission of preaching salvation to the two millions of French scattered throughout the province.

We have been through many a test together, and we feel that we know each other sufficiently to trust to the carrying out of these our covenant vows of faithfulness, in the tests of the future. May the Lord Jesus not be disappointed in any one of us.

Then the business part of our council was fully discussed and rehearsed. It ultimated in our writing a joint letter, signed by every one who was loyal to the French Salvation War, to our dear General, to represent to him the crying need of men and women who will go to all costs to carry salvation to the French-Canadians. A copy of this letter was sent to our dear Commissioner at Toronto, and a kind of impromptu resolution was passed by the officers themselves as a substitute for a finale to our most blessed farewell council. We hope it is not divulging the secrets of the French War to tell you that the said resolution was couched in the following terms:—

"*It is resolved that this meeting should not terminate till we meet again.*"

So you see, fair reader, we are neither tired of each other, nor tired of the French War, although we are soldiers and are perfectly willing to

Follow the Lord to Timbuctoo,

if he should call us in that direction.

We feel very much like Faber when he wrote those beautiful lines

"Thy will is sweetest
Where it triumphs at my cost,"

and we do not pretend to tell you that this farewell did not cost us a good deal. Is there anything in this wide world worth doing at all that does not cost something? And how much worldlings spend for what after all brings very little credit or satisfaction to them or any one else.

But the Editor will not favor my theorizing, I know, so with his permission I will gather up the thread of my story and proceed to tell you about the farewell meeting at the English barracks on Sunday afternoon. A goodly crowd assembled, and there were no signs of lagging interest from first to last.

Staff-Capt. Simco read and expounded, and a fire of testimonies followed both from platform and hall, interspersed with some old-time choruses, one of which had been taught on that platform only a few short months ago by our

Glorified Comrade Adjt. Veale.

During the collection, all the French officers sang together the French version of Musa Bhai's favorite:—

"To feel thy power,
To hear thy voice,
To share thy Cross,
It is my choice."

Then each had a few words to say, endeavouring, nevertheless, to steadily avoid anything like sadness or regrets by mentioning the coming farewell. Before closing, your humble servant also spoke, and invited sinners to make this the opportunity of salvation to their souls. Nobody yielded, however. How persistent in rebellion, and how procrastinating in decision, are those who most need to make no longer delay.

In the evening, Staff-Capt. Simco presided at our East End Corps, No. III, whilst with some officers we went down to the West End, No. IV.

Speaking of that we do know, and testifying of that we did see, we can say with grateful hearts that never before had we seen such a quiet attractive and grand meeting in that hall, and yet, wherein, was it grand, since no person ventured publicly to the Fountain. Yet certain it is that in meetings such as these, and a hundred others, the work of God's blessed Spirit goes on in convicting, and deepening, and ripening, until the soul is led to ultimate conversion.

On Tuesday the last of our farewell meetings was held in French at No. III corps.

Oh! how we had prayed that God would give us some souls in this last series of meetings. Yet up to the present it had been all a work of faith unrewarded by any visible results.

There was not a large crowd by any means, but yet there were quite a few whom we knew to be laboring under conviction. One after another testified until in all we counted *twelve*, either converts or soldiers, some of the fruits of the four year's fight in the French field. This in itself rejoiced our hearts as we remembered the value of one soul in the sight of God. Then again we pleaded the cause of our Saviour, and sought to urge souls to immediate surrender, and the prayer meeting began.

Shall God have the victory? Yes, indeed!

Presently Two Backsliders.

made their way to Jesus.

"Joy, joy, joy, for a prodigal's return."

In testifying, one of them who had previously been a soldier at Quebec corps, told us that he thanked God he was once again numbered amongst His children, that he had thought himself strong, and in an evil hour had fallen, but now he trusted God would give him the grace to press forward unto the end. That is just what we intend to do wherever we are.

Devotedly yours, Nettie Simco.

THE DEVIL RAMPANT

IN THE "QUEEN CITY."

Notwithstanding the illuminated placards which so successfully advertise and announce the theatre, the dance hall and the dime museum, one look at the thousands who wend their way to the different churches on a Sunday morning tends at once to impress the onlooker and passer-by that Toronto is not only the "city of churches," but that it is indeed the model city of the Dominion. But how little they know of Toronto in the midnight hour, when the mask is torn off, and when the

Venoms of Hell

issue forth from their dark hiding places to poison, allure and eternally damn the souls of all who come within their reach.

"What! is it possible that within this our "city of churches," where the front door of the saloon is closed on Sunday, and where the street cars do not run, and where the tabernacles of the Most High are thronged with men and women who carry the Bible under their arm, is it possible that in our midst dwell such abodes of wickedness?" Yes, reader, and they are in abundance.

* * *

'T was about 2.30 in the morning, the city was rocked in slumber, the church door is locked and the Salvation Army have closed their meeting. All is quiet (?). Now is the

Devil's Reaping Time.

Hell is most alive at midnight, and from the various dens of vice and iniquity pour the teeming multitude of deluded souls, who, because their deeds are evil, have chosen the darkness rather than light.

My sleep is sound; but the tramp of approaching steeds and the rattle of carriage wheels causes me to start from my slumber, and, half wondering and half fearing, I listen. The cab comes to a halt directly under my window; a moment more and two fine young men are left standing in the middle of the road under the pale shade of the moon, which shone full upon them. I listen, and soon learn that, though clad in evening dress and wearing a respectable look, both are under the influence of drink. God only knows where they had spent the dark midnight hours. Soon oaths are wafted up on the still air, and while one goes to find shelter in a secluded spot, that his deeds may not be known, the other wends his way home in all probabilities to a

Broken Hearted Mother

or wife. This is a midnight scene in the "city of churches."

* * *

'T was in the west end. Our Training Home Lasses had found the place that was called home, but, upon entering the door, so extremely void of all comfort, so filthy, so unlike the abode of man and wife was the room, that the willing yet astonished saviours stood as though held in a vice.

Do our eyes deceive us? Is it a dream? Can this really be the interior of a home in the enlightened age of the 19th century, and that in the so-called moral city of Toronto? Yes, the sad picture is a true one; they have lived together in the room, surrounded with filth and vermin, for months, and who knows but what there may be others in our city to-day equally as low, equally as depraved. The thought is not a pleasant one, but this is the state of affairs in the "Queen City."

* * *

Take a walk with me down one of the principal streets of our city, when no less than

20 Saloons

and whisky establishments brandish their damnable weapons in the face of every young man that comes within their reach. Stand with me for a few minutes and see, not one or two, but crowds of our finest young men pouring out of their doors primed, intoxicated, foolish, helpless and almost damned.

This stream of iniquity, which is not to be compared with the burning lava issuing from the volcano's mouth, runs down our principal streets in broad daylight.

Then there is the *back door entrance* to the saloon, and the *back door entrance* to the billiard table, to the pool room, to the gambling dens of all kinds. The theatre, the opera, the den of harlots—the circle for high society (?) to move in. We do not tell you that these sins are indulged in in Chicago, in Buffalo, or away off in San Francisco, but right here in our beloved but almost half damned city of Toronto does the devil run rampant, winning here and alluring there, dragging this one and driving that one on to eternal ruin.

What's the Remedy?

you say. Earnestness on the part of you who profess to love Jesus Christ.

We must bring *Christ to the front.* He is the only hope. The laws of our country we can't do without, our posse of police is doing good service and is much needed, our humane societies and charitable institutions are all very well in their place, but what is wanted in this and every city, town and village throughout the Dominion is men and women with stout hearts who will carry to the scene of darkness and death the power of Almighty God, and lift up to the sinking souls a living Christ.

Now that I have succeeded, by the help of God, in sounding the alarm, let me again cry out,

"To the front! the cry is ringing;
To the front! your place is there;
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer."

The Salvation Army calls you! The dying multitude calls you! God calls you! "To the front"!

A. W. R.

LONDON WEEKLY LETTER.

No. 19.

(By our International War Correspondent.)

My Dear Comrades. — The self-denial week is almost upon us. A sum of £20,000 was raised as the result of the united efforts of the whole Army last year; but so far as the countries outside of England are concerned, they stood under disadvantages, which, to a large extent, no longer exist, and it may be safely predicted, that as the result of the experience gained and the advice given by the General at the recent International Staff Council, there will be such an outburst of self-denial on the part of the people everywhere, as has not yet been exhibited. Many eyes in England are looking to . . . to come to the front. I expect to be able in my next letter to give a forecast upon the manner in which the machinery for the self-denial service is being worked, meantime I am sanguine, as usual, of unparalleled success.

* * *

One of the best and most efficient measures in connection with our military mode of government, was introduced last week, which, beyond all doubt, is destined to alter the entire system of the working management of the whole Army. I allude to the important Council of Divisional Secretaries, who to the number of 70, attended ten days at the Congress hall for the purpose of receiving a thorough course of business instructions, blended with spiritual exercises. It was such a success in an educational point of view, and the course of instruction so thorough and complete, that the officers at the close, returned to their various spheres of labor, fully equipped to render the most efficient aid to their D.O's., by relieving them, forthwith, of the strain of business operations, and leaving them free to give their undivided attention to the spiritual needs of their divisions.

The necessity of this arrangement has long been a felt want, and the spiritual work has suffered much in consequence; but the hour has come, and the end has been accomplished, and the Divisional officer will, henceforth, be looked upon, both by officers and soldiers, as the spiritual focus of the division and his beneficent visits eagerly sought after. The Divisional Secretary, too, will be a new and important factor, not only in the business work of the division, but he will also be set free at various times to strengthen the D.O's., hands in spiritual matters. A new race of Divisional officers will, therefore, naturally spring up from this new order for business and a special adaptability for spiritual work.

* * *

During my recent furlough I rested on a seat with the idea of enjoying the silence that is characteristic of an Englishman. A portly good-looking man was reading a newspaper near alongside. He broke the silence as follows:—

"I was glad to see from the "War Cry," which I always take in, that the Prime Minister of Queensland, who could not attend a meeting to which he had been invited, sent his carriage to escort one of your principal officers." I augmented his remark, telling him of the great amount of sympathy the members of the Australian Legislature had vied with each other in giving help to our Army work in the Antipodes. He continued:—"I am a low churchman, abominate incense, wax candles and all that kind of thing, but I am not bigoted. I want to see our ministers imitate your lasses who live and visit in the Slums." He waxed so eloquent that I would have liked to have taken down his speech; but I so thoroughly liked his wind up that I have presented it. He said:—"I tell you what, Sir, if your General follows up the cause of the hungry and the destitute as he is doing, he will win and conquer the whole world. He must do it, mark you, because it is real out-and-out Christ-like religion, without a particle of the Conservatism which has always cursed and ground down the poor." He convinced me so thoroughly, that this was quite possible, that I got his promise to give our wood-choppers an order for firewood. This, therefore, was another addition to the ranks of the church militant.

* * *

Major Barritt is not likely to let any weeds grow in his garden, or any moss under his feet. He had an eye to his business when he landed for a few hours at Rio de Janeiro, for I see he called on, and had a review with, the President of the Brazilian Republic, who received him cordially and expressed his sympathy with the Salvation Army and its work. Brazil is a populous country and an immense territory, and Major Barritt remarks that it is perfectly ripe for immediate attack by our forces.

* * *

I have never before referred to Finland, this brave little fort in the extreme north of Europe, bristling with brave and loyal hearts, under the rule of the Czar of Russia: but I note that the General has not forgotten them in their isolation from the joys of comradeship, as he has sent the brave little band, as a special gift, one of his favorite musical instruments—the big drum. When the drummer was sworn in and received his instrument, I am told his eyes glistened through the moisture of the tears of gratitude that would not be kept back.

* * *

Miss Booth's visit to Sweden has baffled the prophets, as all prophecies concerning which have failed utterly, inasmuch as they fell short of the record of unprecedented success that has attended and followed her labours for God. Scandinavia is, undoubtedly, God's great battle-ground for souls in Europe. By nature, the Swede partakes of the cold, phlegmatic temperament of the natives of northern climes in general. They watch and wait, and if they are satisfied, the sun rises, the barometer quivers, the cold departs, and everything icy is transformed into spicy breezes, verdant plains, and genial and glorious landscapes. This was emphatically the case, even in connection with Miss Booth's visit. The "War Cry" has detailed the wonderful success with which God honoured His handmaiden; but what strikes me most is the unwillingness of the people to part with the Field Commissioner, which they did not do without a promise to let her return, God willing, at the commencement of the coming year. All Glory to Sweden's God for the wonderful victories He has wrought in the land where the Northern Lights shine at their best and the heavenly constellations are seen at their brightest.

* * *

It is most appropriate, according to the "eternal fitness of things," that Norway should follow Sweden. Major and Majoress Oliphant are just about as much at home in Norway as they would be anywhere else. Splendid meetings—wonderful outpourings of the Spirit, and a real hallelujah time all round, perhaps best express things in Salvation Army parlance. I should not be at all surprised to see the Major turn up in Iceland, which must be a nice land, at any rate in summer. By the bye, Norway is all ablaze. Five new towns will be opened by the time this letter is despatched. I see a Norwegian "Appleby" (bandmaster) has come to the front, who plays almost any instrument, and who can write musical shorthand as quickly as a piece is played. I am glad to hear that Major and Mrs. Oliphant are both improving in health as a result of their northern Salvation tour. God bless them more and more.

* * *

Listen to this, you close-fisted, hard-hearted money-grubbers, and take note once more, how landed proprietors in Australia set you an example. "Mrs. L—— has given 328 acres of land and farm buildings with implements, stock etc. We are giving her 20 per cent. of the profits after all expenses are paid. This is perfectly satisfactory," writes Commissioner Coombs, "and secures her an annuity for life."

* * *

The Winter Campaign is now in front of us, with such opportunities for a grand harvest of souls as we have never before experienced. The Army's *beau ideal* has always been to get deeper down, and in this respect God has so abundantly opened the way by re-baptizing the General and leading him, like Moses of old, to deliver the people held in the steel bonds of a stronger tyrant than Pharaoh, that the Salvation Army in going forward is literally going backward, and picking up the thread of sacred history where the Blessed Master seems to have dropped it when He left the multitudes for whom He had compassion and ascended to lead captivity captive and give greater gifts to men. In this direction the General's heart has been constrained "and moved with compassion" towards these countless hungry and shelterless multitudes for whom Jesus lived, toiled, suffered and died.

G. P. E.

Erie and St. Clair Lilies.

Among the Indians—The Penitent-Pole — Some Funny Names — The White Beggar.

The Scribe and I had a meeting on the Indian Reserve among our red-skinned brothers and sisters. We took the train to Bothwell and a brother took us in to Moraviantown on a wagon. Capt. Wynn and Mrs. Capt. Trott accompanied us from B. It was a camp meeting, or rather a bush meeting. The seats were planks and were placed under the lovely green trees, to which torches were fastened.

The penitent-form was a pole placed on sticks which were driven into the ground. The Scribe and Capt. W. called it the "penitent-pole."

* * *

Many Indians were there from Walpole Island and Munceytown (I think that's it) and were "camping out" in tents (or I suppose I should say camps) made of green boughs. One canvas tent was up in case of rain, so that the people could run in for shelter. The sight was quite novel. There is a brass band here, and they use the S.A. band music. Those members of band who are saved (it is the town band) played, and we marched round the grounds.

* * *

This looks as though they all love the Salvation Army.

When Bro. Noah wanted to call them together for the march he blew a *shell* for a bugle. It made a good big noise, I can tell you.

A Rev. gentleman (white) who was leading the meetings for they had 5 days meetings and we went down for the Saturday night to give them a helping hand, most of the time, asked for the collection, and did it beautifully, an old S. A. officer could not have done better. Nobody could very well refuse.

He also spoke in the meeting, and his words had the right ring. Hallelujah!

* * *

The Indians mostly spoke in their own language. Although we could not understand one word we enjoyed it, for the earnest expression on the face told as much as words could have done.

We did our very best for them, but could not persuade anyone to "cease from evil and do well."

The meeting got well warmed up towards the last and they went in with all their soul in the prayer-meeting. We had no need to say, "Now, all take hold," for they had done so before we had time to look round. All prayed at once, and in their own language, and we all went fishing in the audience.

* * *

Our Indian brother drove us back to Bothwell after the meeting. The night was extremely cold and the boys ran behind to keep warm. We landed safe in B. and pray God to bless His work in M. Amen!

7 a. m. knee-drill, four officers, two soldiers and a dog. They tell me he never misses knee-drill, the dog I mean.

We marched around the barracks and spent a real nice time, we enjoyed it if others did not. We saw nobody saved all day Sunday, but the truth was put before them. I spent a fair day and trust Wynn shall yet win the place for God.

* * *

I had a meeting with my Chatham comrades and was glad to welcome the plucky little Mac to the Division. The Captain has an odd name (McNamara) and the Lieut. a religious one (Chapple). Success to you girls, may God own your labors.

By-the-way, Bro. Editor, we have some funny names in our Division—Two *Scares* who will show the devil that he can't scare them; a *Green* Lieut.; a Lieut. that just *Knox* everything out of her way that is wrong; a Capt. that *Pepper*'s the enemy; a *Sweet* Capt.; a Capt. who is a *Walker* of a truth; a Lieut who has a *Will* of his own; a Lieut. who has been made "a *Fisher* of men;" a Lieut. who *Drew* nigh unto the Lord while He was to be found; and we have just lost *Guyes*, the kind that are always in season; and a *Bone* that has resisted all the efforts of the devil to pick the flesh off her. I almost forgot to tell you we have a *Wiseman* who is warning the people of Newbury.

Mrs. McIntyre.

WANTED! WANTED!!

A competent Tailor. None but a properly-saved Salvationist need apply. Send on testimonials to

Commissioner Adams,
War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

Hurrah for Hamilton's Ten.

—21—

D. O. SOUTHALL.

A Good Week, Hallelujah!

HAMILTON I.—Four sinners, five backsliders, and three for full Salvation have been the results of this week's fighting. Christ shall reign.—Capt. MILLER.

The Secretary Hard at It.

WATERDOWN.—Although we are left for a short time without officers, we are very thankful that we have Jesus Christ, the Captain of our Salvation, with us leading us on to victory. On Sunday we had marches and meetings as usual, and although we did not see anyone saved, yet, thank God, He blessed us in our own souls abundantly, and we went home at night feeling that we had said and done all we could for the sinners in Waterdown. We leave the results with God.—Secretary WILLIS.

A Good Week's Work.

BRANTFORD.—Our hearts rejoice this morning because we are having victory not only in our own souls but also in our work. Last week was a time of victory. On Friday night two men came to Jesus, also one young woman; all giving a real clear testimony that God had accepted them into the fold. On Saturday another soul who for years was blind to God's word, but now could see that Jesus died to purchase life for her, laid hold of the promise. Our Sunday meetings were good all day, and at the close of the evening meeting two more souls sought and found Christ, making six for the week. To God be all the glory.—Capt. FISHER.

An Old Battle-Ground Revisited.

DUNDAS.—Snatching a few days from the daily routine of office work at Headquarters, we decide to visit an old battle-ground. A pleasant trip on the boat soon brings us to Hamilton, whence the "dummy" makes a speedy journey to Dundas. Here we are met by Capt. Mudge and his little daughter and conducted to the quarters, where we were glad to meet Mrs. Mudge. The meeting with old friends seemed to bring to mind scenes in S.A. warfare, hitherto almost forgotten. After a lengthy conversation and some refreshments, we learn from the Captain that he has no intention that our visit should be a rest, only as far as change of work could make it such, so obediently we prepare for meeting. As we march down Main Street and take our stand upon the market place for the open-air, our initiation into the mysteries of S.A. warfare was forcibly brought to our mind, and we could thank God that we were still His. Our meetings all day on Sunday were good, both in the open-air and in the barracks, and the dear Lord honored our labors with one soul for the Kingdom. We closed on Sunday night feeling the time had been well spent for Jesus. We left Dundas with a hearty invitation from Capt. Mudge to come again when we needed a rest. God bless Dundas. —L.M.S.

One Can Always Look Up.

MILTON.—Thank God, this morning though the fight seems hard and severe, yet He is helping us, and as dear Commissioner said in council, "If we couldn't look around, we could always look up." It seemed nice to be home in Hamilton once more, and now Lieut. is back too. We worked hard and earnestly yesterday, and at night one lad ventured out and professed to find Salvation. May God keep him true.

" When in the battle's blazing heat,
When flesh and blood would fail,
We will fight on and still repeat,
'Jesus, Thou canst not fail.'"

Capt. PEARSON.

One of our Enemies Saved.

FORT ERIE.—"Oh, yes, it's getting better." Why? "Because we see more than ever the wonderful works of God." One man who has been an enemy of the Salvation Army got saved last Sunday night and marched with us around the hall two or three times, and said he intended to become a soldier. God bless him.—J. BAILEY.

No Starving Out Here.

PORT ROWAN.—We have been fighting away with all our might to destroy sin. Bro. Sam has just returned home from sailing, and has as much fire as ever. The Lord gave him victory while on the lakes. We had the privilege of visiting the lighthouse keeper last week. They were glad to see us come. Another brother has given us a bag of potatoes, so the devil is not going to starve us out yet awhile. Not only are we feeding on good temporal food, but we are also feeding on the Bread of Life, and getting fat in our souls. This place has been known as a hard shop in the past, but the Lord has been making the wilderness and the solitary places glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. "Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Port Rowan, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." So says the Lieut.—W. T. EVOY.

Soldiers all on Fire.

GEORGETOWN.—Yesterday was our first Sunday here. We've hardly got acquainted with the people yet, but we soon shall, and we're going to do our best, God helping us, to get the people acquainted with Jesus. The soldiers are all on fire for God: the marches are grand, and round the open-air ring the people gather in crowds and listen very attentively to what is being said. We are praying and believing that the Spirit of God will so take hold of them that ere long they will be found crying to God for mercy.—Capt. A. GOODCHILD.

Looking Through a Whiskey Barrel.

NIAGARA FALLS.—We have just taken charge here after nearly three months' rest, and now we are busy in the fight once more. We have had some blessed open-airs and inside meetings, in which wonderful manifestations of God's Spirit have been felt. Long Jim, a converted drunkard of five months' standing, is still saved and quite a warrior for God. He told the people in his testimony that he can see through the whiskey barrel now since God has saved him and opened his eyes. We finished our first week-end here with one precious soul, and two prodigals came home once more. Glory be to Jesus. Pray for us.—Capt. and Mrs. IRELAND.

God Bless the Bandsmen.

OAKVILLE.—The war against sin, the flesh and the devil is still steadily going on in this place, and although as yet we have not seen any very great victories still we believe our King will conquer. The Staff Brass Band was with us on Saturday night and all day Sunday. We had blessed meetings, and the Holy Spirit did His work of convicting sinners as one after another told of God's dealings with them. God bless the bandsmen. We with many others are hoping for another visit from them before long.—WAIT & FURNISS.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S FIVE.

—23—

MAJOR SCOTT.

Four Saved Out of Six.

BAY ROBERTS.—The Army is going up here now. God is blessing us with many souls. Wednesday night there were only six unsaved ones in the meeting, four of them came to the feet of Jesus and found pardon though the blood. On Thursday night the meeting was led by two of the soldiers; it was good to be there. On Friday night holiness meeting, three were out for holiness of heart, and they found that Jesus cleansed them from all sin. On Sunday we had grand meetings all through the day. At night there were two souls saved. Praise God holy living shall win the day for God.—CADET F. DAY.

Seven Seekers for Holiness.

LITTLE BAY.—During the past fortnight we have taken four prisoners for God, and three wanderers have been reclaimed. Last Tuesday night in our soldiers meeting we had a blessed time. Seven of the comrades were out seeking the blessing of a clean heart. The power of God fell and the result was indescribable. This makes ten out for cleansing since last report. With clean-hearted soldiers we shall soon win Little Bay for our King. We are in for victory Captain A. E. FAY.

Brave Gallant Soldiers.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—Since coming here we have seen some things to encourage us. Two precious souls and some real out and out soldiers who love to sing, "Victory for me through the blood of Christ my Saviour." Some people have been trying to discourage them by saying they may as well give up. There would never be any more officers here as there have not been any here for six months, but they have worked among themselves, and have a new barracks almost completed. It is a small place, but there's a big devil to fight. Our God is almighty and we march on in His strength, believing for mighty victory in the future. Lieut. E. FRENCH.

Keep up Your Courage Lieut.

WESTERN HEAD.—We cannot rejoice over any souls being saved yet. We are holding on to God for the out-pouring of His mighty power. The work of late has been up hill, but we'll soon get to the top, then shout "Victory through Jesus our Lord." Although there are lots of souls who see their need of being saved, yet they will not yield; but we believe God will soon get the victory. Lieut. GOOBY.

Eight Seeking Sinners.

TWILLINGATE.—Glory to God we are having real good times here now. Since you last heard from us we have had something like eight who have professed to find Salvation at our penitent-form, more convicted. We are beliving for greater victories in the future. Hallelujah!

Capt. J. S. BOWRING.

Montreal Forwards Seven.

—12—

MAJOR GLOVER.

Five Teams Come to their Help.

WATERLOO.—"We didn't shout just because the Captain told us to," said a brother, "there was something in those volleys." Well, I think that is just the truth in a nutshell; 'twas not a hollow sound, but the glory made us shout. The devil had suggested that we might have to walk to our outpost on Sunday, but when the time came, five teams might have been seen on the road all bound for the outpost. A good crowd gathered for meeting. Was it a good meeting? I heard one brother say that he never attended a better. What happened to make it so good? Why, the Lord directed us to read these words, "Cry aloud, spare not, show my people their sins," and then He poured out His Spirit and sent the Word home to each heart. Then the testimonies—some thanked God for fresh light right in that meeting; some acknowledged that they had had revealed to them some shortcomings, and with tears in their eyes promised to do right in future. A brother from Cornwall, Ont., told how after about fifty years of sin and not going to church for fourteen years, he was attracted by a S.A. open-air one night, and both he and his son got saved. Any souls? Yes, one man 60 years old, and a girl about 16. Another in the afternoon at Waterloo, making two backsliders and one prisoner since last report. This is getting very long, but listen, a brother walked nine miles to knee-drill last Sunday.—JOS. PARKER, Capt.

[Good, Captain, send more.—ED.]

A very kind Hotel-keeper.

RENFREW.—We can still report victory through the blood of Christ. We have had with us Adjt. Manton, who did us good service; we will be glad to have him come again. Sunday was a blessed day. Two comrades came 22 miles for knee-drill. One dear sister came to Jesus in the afternoon and a brother at night. In our open-air at one hotel the proprietor kept perfect order during our meeting. "God bless and save him," is our prayer. The people are very kind, and altogether we have lots to praise God for.—Capt. GAMEY.

The Adjt. Wakes Things up.

PEMBROKE.—We are having good times here this summer. Although the weather is very hot it does not keep the soldiers and people from coming. We have been rewarded for our faith and hope by seeing souls saved; during the past three months 28 souls professed to be saved, quite a number of these at the outpost. We have had three during the past week. Adjt. Manton spent Saturday and Sunday with us; we had a wonderful time. Sometimes the people laughed, and the next moment tears were running down their cheeks. Sunday afternoon the Adjt. spoke with power, as also the saved Commercial Traveller. There was scarcely a dry eye in the place, and I believe the results of those meetings will be souls converted to God. We enjoyed your visit, Adjt., and trust the time is not far distant when you shall pay us another visit.—Captain J. J. LINDSAY.

Soldiers hold the Reins.

KEMPTVILLE.—We have had some experience of "going in" alone for God and souls since the Camp meetings began. God wonderfully helped and strengthened us. I went out one evening and sold a number of "War Crys," which was the means of blessing to my soul and I believe to others also. There is still hope for the people of Kemptville to get saved, for in Isaiah God says "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in Mine own time." Keep believing, comrades, we shall win if we trust in Jehovah. Glory to God! Hallelujah!—HARVEY BANKS.

God will reward your Labours.

COATICOOKE.—We mean victory or death in Coaticooke. Bless God we have a few blood-and-fire soldiers. God has promised to use the twos and threes, so we are going in to live for God and souls. Hallelujah! The people are real good to us; God bless them. Meetings very good, crowds small, but God is convicting them of sin. We are believing to see souls saved. Hard fighting, but Godly living, will bring the victory.—Lieut. MULCAHY, for Capt. Stomean.

Something to Rejoice about.

CARLETON PLACE.—While out "War Cry" selling an old man said "Oh, yes, I'll take one; here's the five cents," remarking "I wouldn't have taken that, only I heard you last night in the open-air, and it did me good." That's our business on the street and everywhere, to be a blessing to others. Some time ago I reported sowing the seed in faith, looking to God for the increase; behold, the reaping-time is at hand. Last week five precious souls knelt at Jesus' feet and asked Him to blot out the sinful past and make them His children. When they arose they could truly say "My God is reconciled." Three of them are on the march, believe for the other two, and all five on the platform Sunday night. Rejoice with us over the saved, and with us pray for still greater things. One man is so troubled about his soul that he cannot rest at night. No rest outside of Jesus; in Him is rest, peace, joy. A. MAVETY.

She had been so Wicked.

NORTH COATICOOKE.—"Lest any hurt thee He will keep thee day and night." Psa. cxxi. 3. Oh, how much we have proved that this past week, God has been wonderfully blessing us. On Friday night His power was felt so much that many wept on account of sin and one dear sister stood up and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, said she belonged to the Catholic Church, but she had done so many wicked things, and she wanted Jesus to save her. Of course our Jesus is One who never turns any away; bless His name. Victory is ours.—Lieut. B. MORRISON.

ST. JOHN'S STIRRING SEVEN.

—13—

MAJOR JACOBS.

Oh Lord, Send the Smash!

YARMOUTH.—"Steadily, forward march," is our motto. Glad to report this morning that we are having good meetings. One out for cleansing last night. Lots of conviction in our meetings, believing for a smash in the devil's ranks soon. Lord hasten the day.—Capt. HOLMAN.

The Cadet's First Report.

ST. JOHN II.—As this is my first report, I hardly know how to begin, but I am going to do my best to tell you how we are getting along in Indiantown. "Hell defeating, no retreating," is our motto. Hallelujah. We are having the victory here in many ways. Our crowds are getting larger week nights, and the best of all, Jesus is making His arm bare by saving poor sinners. ONE for Salvation this week, and some more under deep conviction, but will not yield. We are telling them the whole truth and keeping nothing back, and praying that they will yield before too late. Yours living for lost souls.—Cadet.

Oh to be Over Yonder!

ST. JOHN V.—Victory is ours, in WAR CRY selling, visiting, and best of all, capturing THREE prisoners and TWO backsliders. On Tuesday, we had a Sing-Sing and on Thursday we had with us our Mother (Adjt. Hind). Were the people glad to see her? Well you should have seen them smiling. Her account of the C. P. demonstration was of a very interesting kind, bringing a "what must it be to be there" feeling over us. We give Jesus glory and march on.—Capt. FLOSSIE JOHNSON.

God's Great, Strong Banner.

ST. GEORGE.—Here, in this place, the hearts of the people are very hard, but we know if we speak God's Word faithfully that it is as "a hammer that breaketh the rock (heart) in pieces." So we are determined to go forward in the strength of our King, feeling confident that He will give us the victory "if we faint not."—J. T. ROACH, Capt.

Gave to the Training Home.

DIGBY.—This past week has been a time of blessing to us, the Lord is helping us in the open-air work, the people crowd around to listen. Sunday night was to be a farewell meeting. The people came to the hall to see who was to farewell, and as Sister Whiteman came in and told them how God was leading her to leave all and follow Him, many were moved to tears. She has gone to the Training Home where we believe she will be made a blessing. We say God bless her, and keep her a true Training Home girl.—MOORES & WHITE.

The Visitors Heartily Welcomed.

ANNAPOLIS.—Since our last report, we have had the joy of seeing ONE precious soul coming to our Jesus. Last week, we had a banquet and half night of prayer, Major Jacobs, Capt. Rogers, Capt. Brooks, and St. John I. brass band to the front. Annapolis people gave a hearty welcome to all, both old friends and new. The banquet was a decided success. At the half night of prayer, five of our comrades sought full deliverance, and, we trust, found it. The close of this week finds us with the whole armour on, determined, in God's strength, to "push the battle to the gates.—Lieut. VERNIE JOST.

Five Backsliders Come Back.

WOODSTOCK.—After a much needed rest, I got orders for this place, and arrived on Saturday (Aug. 23). Found a few faithful soldiers, who are willing to help push on the war (and by the look of things will need a lot of push,) and do their best to get souls saved. God has wonderfully blessed us of late. Crowds are coming up, and the appearance of a little interest. The most to be rejoiced over is FIVE backsliders and ONE prisoner. To God be all the glory.—TOM HUGHES, Capt.

War Cry AND YOUNG SOLDIER Competition List.

FOR NUMBER ISSUED SEPT. 20th, 1890.

WAR CRY TEXT:—"To every man according as his work shall be."—Rev. XXII. 12.

The Renowned Champions.

Winnipeg	Capt.	Resale	600
*St. John I	"	Brooks	550
Victoria, B.C.	"	Aikenhead	500
*Montreal I	"	Clarke	450
Brandon	"	Frith	415
Peterboro	"	Jones	400

The Gallant 300's.

Halifax I	Capt.	Irvine	380
London	"	R. Mutton	375
Vancouver	"	Will	375
Woodstock, Ont.	"	Ilett	370
Ottawa	"	Elliott	360
Fredericton	"	C. McLean	350
Hamilton I	"	G. Miller	350
New Westminster	"	McIntyre	325
Nanaimo	"	Coulter	320
Yarmouth	"	Holman	320
Kingston	"	Howell	320

The Plucky 200's.

Guelph	Capt.	McPherson	273
Halifax II	"	Allen	255
*Toronto V	"	Houston	255
Brantford	"	Fisher	250
Windsor, N.S.	"	Connett	250
Chatham, Ont.	"	McNamara	250
Toronto I	"	J. Addie	250
Bowmanville	"	Coombs	240
St. John V	"	E. Allen	240
Portage la Prairie	"	Ham	230
Toronto II	"	Creighton	225
Charlottetown	"	Jower	220
*Cornwall	"	Hendricks	220
Toronto III	"	Bach	210
Toronto VI	"	Gale	210
Stratford	"	Dean	210
New Glasgow, NS	"	A. McLean	200
Picton	"	Dyas	200
Oshawa	"	Butler	200
St. Catharines	"	Frazer	200
Windsor, Ont.	"	Scarr	200
Ingersoll	"	W. Andrews	200

The Rising 100's.

*Moncton	Capt.	Hunter	195
Barrie	"	Desson	190
Amherst	"	Des Brisay	190
Spring Hill Mines	"	J. F. McLean	185
Chatham, N.B.	"	Kimble	180
St. John II	"	Creighton	180
St. Stephens	"	Wright	180
St. Thomas	"	Viner	180
Goderich	"	Dyson	170
Liverpool	"	Larder	165
Morrisburg	"	Payne	160
Cobourg	"	Fox	160
Calgary	"	Hilts	160
Owen Sound	"	Webb	155
Lindsay	"	Rowan	150
Niagara Falls	"	Ireland	150
Toronto IV	"	Stephens	150
Orillia	"	Robinson	145
Port Hope	"	White	140
Seaforth	"	E. Andrews	140
Lachute	"	Perkins	140
Carleton	"	Boyer	140
Westville	"	Clarke	140
*Yorkville T. H.		Adjutant Taylor	140
Toronto XI	Capt.	Milligan	135
Toronto XII	"	Walker	130
Woodstock, N.B.	"	Hughes	130
Lippincott T. H.		Staff-Capt. Banks	130
Toronto VIII	Capt.	M. A. Smith	130
Galt	"	Turner	130
Sarnia	"	Wiggins	130
Belleville	"	Alf. Armstrong	130
Parry Sound	"	Daymond	130
S. Sydney	"	Halfyard	130
Parrsboro'	"	A. M. Boggs	130
Digby	"	White	130
Chesterville	"	Hubbard	130
*Quebec II	"	Goodwin	130
Brampton	"	Warder	125
Essex Centre	"	Andrews	125
Toronto VII	"	F. Gorow	125
Gananoque	"	Cook	120
Pembroke	"	Lindsay	120
Truro	"	Knight	120
Annapolis	"	Rayner	120
Bear River	"	G. Gardiner	120
Maxville	"	Booth	120
Listowel	"	Werry	120
Morden	"	Harris	120
*Neepawa	"	Iverach	120

Palmerston	Capt.	Now	115
Fairville	"	Bissett	115
Prescott	"	Armstrong	110
Moose Jaw	"	Isaacson	110
Dartmouth	"	March	110
Petrolia	"	Moltby	110
Wingham	"	Smith	110
Ridgetown	"	Hoag	110
Bedford	"	Tovill	110
Hamilton II	"	Woodall	105
Simcoe	"	Pink	105
Summerside	"	Fredsham	100
Wallaceburg	"	M. Cowan	100
Carberry	Lieut.	Gooding	100
Kamloops	Capt.	Ashton	100
Clinton	"	Wells	100
Shelburne	"	———	100
Coaticooke	"	Stomean	100
*W. Winchester	"	McNamara	100

The Plodders.

Toronto XIII	95
Uxbridge	95
Whitby	95
Tilbury	95
Kemptville	95
Oxford	95
Paris	95
Strathroy	90
Dresden	90
Newcastle	90
Sackville	90
Berlin	90
Norwich	90
Deseronto	90
Huntsville	90
Richmond	90
North Sydney	90
Bridgetown	90
Brockville	85
Lakefield	85
Millbrook	85
Port Perry	85
Blenheim	85
Leamington	85
Omemee	85
Campbellford	85
Bracebridge	85
Sherbrooke	80
Forest	80
Toronto X	80
Mitchell	80
Watford	80
Comber	80
Dutton	80
Kingsville	80
Bothwell	80
Amherstburg	80
Picton	80
Napanee	80
Cobden	80
Kentville	80
Campbellton	80
North Head	80
St. Andrews	80
St. George	65
Avonmore	75
Dundas	75
Tilsonburg	75
Parkhill	75
St. Marys	75
Wheatley	75
Tweed	75
Emerson	75
Hillsboro	75
St. John III	75
*Montreal II	75

NOTES.

Did I not say last week that there would be some big changes and revelations this week? And am I not right? Yes, there has been a stir, as further developements go to prove.

* * *

The Montreal Division seems to have had a big finger in this recent big change for the better, and I must hasten to congratulate Major Glover, Ensign Woodgate and the officers of this district.

* * *

I can do no better than, without any more introduction, dive into the rises and falls, changes and fluctuations, and I trust the following notes will open the eyes of all, and rouse all to do far more in pushing the CRY.

* * *

The Renowned Heroes.

With joy I hail the rise of St. John. Winnipeg stands second to none, and St. John stands next to that. I felt so confident that this eastern city would ultimately go. The struggle has been a long one, but thank God the rise has come. Now, ye St. John braves, what doth hinder you from taking first place?

* * *

Then Montreal I steps over Brandon at last, and it ought to. Brandon is only a small Prairie town of the west, while Montreal has thousands of inhabitants. Query—Did'nt Montreal ought to order 1000 CRYS and 1000 "Young Soldiers?" Answer—Yes, I think so. Now, Captain Clarke!

* * *

Of course Victoria, with Capt. Aikenhead and D.O. Grayson, will keep her eye on St. John. The winter is coming on and I have great faith in these western cities that the sale of the CRY and Y. S. will boom along at a rapid rate. Capt. Rennie will have to watch her guns, for there are quite a number of champions on her track.

* * *

It is a fact, a great fact, and worth mentioning and pondering over, that among the champions can be found no less than three of the North-west stations. Major Morris, this is good, and I see that Vancouver is not far off, and certainly Capt. Will will push ahead and get among the champions as soon as possible. Fire a volley for the far West!

* * *

There is not a single move this week among the Gallants. Surely this state of lethargy must not go on. Oh, no! Now, ye Gallant ones, rouse ye, quit you like men.

* * *

Those Plucky Braves.

How often have I noted Toronto V, and how many times have I urged this corps to advance? Well, it has advanced, and stands the third plucky one. This is a good position, Riverside, but do not be satisfied at that. Go on to higher things, Capt. Houston will help you. The band boys will help you. Go on! Go on!! Go on!!!

* * *

Welcome Cornwall to the Pluckies! Welcome Capt. Hendricks! A rise of 60 is no small figure. Oh, no! That is good and just the kind of work I do like to see. Now that Captain Butler has gone to Oshawa I shall expect great things from that source. Halifax II, come along, get over Guelph as soon as you can. What a stirr that will cause Eh!

* * *

Special to the Risers.

At last Moncton heads the Rising List and Barrie is defeated. Well, it was a bold stroke for Moncton, but a good one and victory is the result. Cornwall of course has said "Good-bye," to the Rises, I hope "never to go back any more."

* * *

Now, Capt. Fox, make Cobourg go, in the WAR CRY sales, and Capt. Ireland will move the Falls, while Capt. Webb will see that Owen Sound sells its number of WAR CRYS alright. The Yorkville Training Home goes up to 140, thus getting ahead of the brave Centre Street warriors. Now, Capt. Milligan, beware.

* * *

Now, Capt. Turner, push Galt, and Capt. Daymond, make Parry Sound move. Hurrah! Quebec II. goes up to 130; that's good. Capt. Andrews will, of course, look out for Essex Centre, and Werry will work *very* hard with the "War Crys" at Listowel. Good little Neepawa goes up to 120. Hallelujah! Prescott will sell CRYS under Capt. Armstrong.

* * *

Welcome to the RISERS West Winchester; with your new Captain things will go; and I also have the pleasure to welcome Montreal II. into the PLODDERS' List. Thank God for the great army of PLODDERS. May their numbers be greatly increased.

* * *

I hope to give more Revelations next week. PAY.

Five Flashes from Woodstock.

—6—

D. O. SHARP.

The Harvest Must Follow.

PLATTSVILLE.—I am glad to be able to report victory in our souls. We had with us our Mennonite brethren on Sunday afternoon, who rewarded us good service. The Lord indeed was in our midst, we had a profitable time to our souls. We are still lifting up the Gospel to a dying world. The prayer of our hearts is, that they will accept the offers of mercy before it is everlastingly too late. Sinner beware, death is on your track. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while there is time. "God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Lieut. WILLIAM LEWIS.

What a Funny March.

AYR.—We are glad this morning that we can still shout victory over the world flesh, and the devil. Our meetings this past week have been good. On Saturday night, we had what we might call "an umbrella and a Chinese lantern march; and it surprised the devil and drew a good crowd for us to talk to in the open-air. Praise, God, we are believing for a smash in the devil's ranks soon.—Lieut. C. WILCOX.

The Covenanter's Death.

INGERSOLL.—Staff-Capt. Sharp, who has lately returned from a visit to his native country, where he said he had his Scotch blood stirred as he gazed upon the memorial stones of his brethren, the Covenanters, who had died martyrs deaths, was present with us Tuesday, and enroled eight recruits under the Blood and Fire flag of Calvary. He was assisted by Ensign Moore, Scribe Peard, Capts. Joe Thompson, Walker, and Caraher. A Yankee Capt. was also present. Ensign Moore led a testimony meeting, which was a rich one. They say a good laugh does a person good; anyway, I felt good, though I laughed till I wiped away the briny tears that rolled down my face. Thursday, we had a band-boys' tea, followed by prayer and testimony, which made them jolly happy, and in good trim for the meeting in which they did grandly, which made some one remark, "I guess the band boys have been having a good time to-day, they seem so happy and full of fun." There's nothing like being saved, and a soldier to have a good time. Capt. Caldwell relieved Capt. Andrews on Saturday and Sunday. The latter went to Norwich, a former station of his, with our band, which has become very much in request lately, to play at different places. Capt. Caldwell played the violin, while Tillman sang a solo. We are going to Commission twenty or more Sergeants soon.—Lieut. SHEA.

One Poor Prodigal Returned.

ROCKWOOD.—We are able to report victory. Since coming here, ONE poor backslider sought and found pardon, and ever since she has been on hand for the marches and ready to speak for God. To God be all the glory.—Capt. G. A. DODD and wife.

That Horrid Whiskey Bottle.

TILSONBURG.—We are steadily marching on here with Jesus as our Leader. Meetings good, open-airs beautiful. On Friday night, Staff-Capt. Sharp and Ensign Moore led off. In the open-air, the devil appeared in the shape of an old man with a whiskey bottle, and tried to upset our meeting, but was defeated. After some red-hot shots were fired, we marched to our barracks, where a real Salvation meeting was held and TWO souls won for our King, making FIVE for the week. We give Jesus all the glory.—NELLIE WALKER, Capt.

Lieut. McGill Goes Into the States

From Emerson.

A Prussian Lady—Across the Red River—Pithy News.

A hard go; am visiting right and left, am graciously received on all sides. The "come again" is oft repeated.

Saturday, 5.30 p.m., quarters shut up. Lieut. gone. Where? Away to the States. I am hurrying on to Pembina.

"Hello! there, got a WAR CRY?" I'll take one. I talked to him about his soul. He told me that he had found ministers to be cheats and tried to excuse himself. *"Every tub must stand on its own bottom."*

We separate, he to his carousing and sin, I to push on in the fight. I'm over the line, a feeling of independence has possession of me; I'm born of God; I'm the child of a King. An iron post marks the line at intervals; it stands about five feet high, is about 7 inches square at the ground and 4 at top. "Convention of London, Oct. 18th, 1818," in raised characters sets you thinking, but I will not burden you with my reflections, but lead you inland by way of the R.R. tracks.

Soon the rails give forth a rumbling noise. The hand-car approaches. The "boss," without slacking speed, invites me "to jump on if I want a ride."

Being Slightly Athletic

I am soon working my passage to Pembina where I soon become the subject of remark. Business men urge their fellow-citizens to buy the WAR CRY, although half a block from each other.

I had an opportunity of speaking to a number of respectable-looking men on a corner, and hope soon to hold a meeting in this town.

Across the Red River to St. Vincent next, where I sell CRYS, talk, sing, and pray with the people on the street, and finish up by a talk with

The Children on a Corner.

They gave the best of attention and bade me "Good night" as I left them.

I rested for a few minutes at the

House of a Prussian Lady,

a real Christian and a warm friend of the S.A.

I then began to retrace my steps to Canada, the moon just rising, the road leading through bluffs, a lonely road. I met a drunken Irishman who wanted to have a talk. I prayed with him and started on, remarking that I hoped the Lord would save his soul, to which he responded "Amen."

I arrived here about ten o'clock very tired but filled with the peace of God. As I passed a hotel at that hour and saw so many young men trying to get a little enjoyment, I thought, "Oh, I have got the best of it, such a sweet peace pervading my being, instead of the shallow, short-lived joy which they experience."

LIEUT. MCGILL.

[Now, Lieut., can't you keep the CRY posted with good news every week?—ED.]

A FREED SLAVE.

MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

A free and pardoned slave I roam,
Chained to His will while earth's my home;
By right, by choice, my Lord's I am,
A daughter of the dying lamb.

The world by sin has dark become,
I wonder 'mid its exiled race,
Beside me walks the Son of Man,
I read compassion in His face.

He speaks to me of hopes so great,
Of yearnings o'er the sins of men?
I realize the hour is late,
And yet He hids me resume them.

But 'twixt us lies a gulf so vast,
That sacrifice and sufferings sore
Must bridge my way, which Heaven has cast,
To bring their wandering feet safe o'er.

He tells me that no coward's hand
Can burst the coils from sin-chained feet;
A heart endued with power Divine
Alone can make the task complete.

And do I hesitate or stay,
To think of earth's ambition, fame,
While I myself am but as they—
Redeemed, allowed my Saviour's name?

No! no? I hasten to the pit
Where man in loathsome darkness lie;
It's not for me to idly sit
Where Christ, my Lord, came down to die.

My choice is made, my object fixed;
Come night or day, come joy or pain,
By His dear side to stand betwixt
A rebel world and heavenly gain.

Have you seen the new Rescue Collecting Box? 1000 people wanted to take one each. Send for one.

LED BY GOD.

All the real servants of God who have ever served Him, have been men who have holly given themselves up to the guiding Spirit of God. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Abram went out at the command of God, not knowing where he was going, but trusting to God to guide him aright. The man who is led by the Spirit of God has given up his time, his worldly prospects, his

All to God;

and he receives just as much of these things as God gives him by the way. He thinks nothing of to-morrow; it is enough for him to do God's will as it is this day—this moment—revealed to him. He does that will regardless of the consequences to himself, and leaves the results to Him who bade him do it. God says, "I will guide thee with mine eye;" so he is always

Looking to Jesus,

ready to catch the glance that commands his next service. J. C.

More Rescue Homes needed in the Dominion. We must have them. Our fallen sisters must be saved.

"STAYED ON THEE."

Day by day this prayer I offer
To the One who cares for me,
"In the midst of life's temptation
Keep my heart, Lord, stayed on Thee."

"When the clouds about me gather,
And the way I cannot see,
When the storms of life overtake me,
Keep my heart, Lord, stayed on Thee.

When the skies are bright above me,
And all cares and sorrow flee,
When my life is filled with gladness,
Keep my heart, Lord, stayed on Thee.

When defeat sore seemeth certain
Little hope of victory,
When the foe is nearer drawing,
Keep my heart, Lord, stayed on Thee.

And when I through faith have triumphed
And the vanquished foe can see,
When I know the joy of victory,
Keep my heart, Lord, stayed on Thee.

And [illegible] all life's fitful changes,
[illegible] my lot may be,
[illegible] in the shadow,
Keep my heart, Lord, stayed on Thee.

EASTERN Battles for Souls

THE COMMISSIONER

ASSISTED BY

Majors HOLLAND and LEIGHTON, and Lieut. LEE, the Colored Singer and Guitar Player,

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING CORPS:-

OTTAWA,	....	Thursday	....	October	9
ST. JOHN I., N.B,	....	Saturday and Sunday,		"	11, 12
ST JOHNS, Nfld.,	....	Thursday	....	"	16
			(If boat arrives in time)		
HARBOR GRACE,	....	Friday	....	"	17
ST. JOHNS I.,	....	Saturday and Sunday,		"	18, 19
CARBONEAR,	....	Monday,	....	"	20
BAY ROBERTS,	....	Tuesday,	....	"	21
BRIGUS,	....	Wednesday,	....	"	22
HALIFAX I.,	....	Sunday and Monday,		"	26, 27
SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.,		Tuesday,	....	"	28
QUEBEC,	....	Thursday,	....	"	30
MONTREAL I.,	....	Friday,	....	"	31

Let Every Officer and Soldier at These Corps Pray for Great Soul-Saving and Sanctifying Times.

THE COMMISSIONER will Interview Candidates and all Persons desirous of Entering the Work, after each Meeting.

We Declare War Against the Devil!

Colonel Cadman,

THE FIRST ARMY CAPTAIN, WILL VISIT

CHATHAM, ONT., Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Sept. 27, 28, 29.
INGERSOLL, Tuesday, Sept. 30.
WOODSTOCK, ONT., Wednesday, Oct. 1.
STRATFORD, Thursday, Oct. 2.
PALMERSTON, Friday, Oct. 3.
HAMILTON, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Oct. 4, 5, 6.

PETERBORO DIVISION.

Capt. Cunningham

WILL VISIT

LINDSAY -	October 4th to 11th	
PORT PERRY - -	" 12th " 19th	
WHITBY - -	" 20th " 27th	
BROOKLIN -	Oct. 28th to Nov. 4th	

Inclusive.

Major, Mrs. Jacobs & Capt. Wyse

WILL VISIT

ST. STEPHENS.....Sept. 27, 28 29
Anniversary Meetings and Banquet.

WOODWARD'S COVE.....Sept. 30
Banquet and Jubilee.

NORTH HEAD.....Oct. 1
Special Meeting.

Good Oxford Bibles.

We have a good stock of these at the War Office. For prices write the Trade Secretary.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

RESCUE HOME.

L. Simpson, 75c; Chestnut, $1; Rouse, per Editor, $1; Lady, Stouffville Station, 25c; Col., Camp, $1.30; Col., Uxbridge, $1.25; Lover of the Lord, $25.00; Friend, Delhi, $1; Friend, per E. Gibbon, $2; Friend, per Mrs. Col. Young, $5.

DONATIONS OF PROVISIONS:—Meat, Messrs. Pearcey, Pierce, Dancy, Dunning, Zurhurst, Brown, The Market; Fruit, Mr. Simpson; cakes and buns, Messrs. Lloyd, Anderson and many other kind friends.

"Beneath Two Flags,"

By Mrs. Ballington Booth, giving a description of the Army work with illustrations. BEAUTIFUL!

Price, Only One Dollar - - Send for One.

SING! SING! SING!

A great rush for the new Song Book, which is a beauty. Send along your orders at once. Have some good congregational singing. Now, comrades, some music. 5 Cents

OFFICIAL NOTICES.

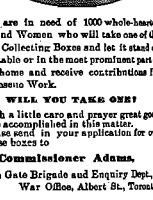
Each officer in command of a corps is expected to make a proposal to their D. O. for commissioning a Secretary or Treasurer at ONCE. *Either male or female can be appointed. Send in the proposal right away.*

On no account must any money be paid out from a corps without the F. O. receiving a receipt for the same. Each D. O. on visiting a corps will examine and compare books with receipts, and initial the cash book after having gone over it.

Re COLOR-SERGEANT.—*One of the most important duties of the Color-Sergeant is to watch carefully for coming horses, and by quietly forbidding or lowering the flag to give notice to the officer leading the march so as to avoid any disturbance of the procession.*

T. H. ADAMS.

Rescue Collecting Box.



Every Office Should Have One.

We are in need of 1000 whole-hearted Men and Women who will take one of the above Collecting Boxes and let it stand on their table or in the most prominent parts of their home and receive contributions for our Rescue Work.

WILL YOU TAKE ONE?

With a little care and prayer great good can be accomplished in this matter.

Please send in your application for one of these boxes to

Commissioner Adams,
Prison Gate Brigade and Enquiry Dept.,
War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

WANTED! WANTED!!

A competent Tailor. None but a properly-saved Salvationist need apply. Send on testimonials to

Commissioner Adams,
War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

THEY ARE COMING.

The following Goods will soon be in Stock:—

Table and Toilet Spreads, with texts worked on the centre.

S. A. Mats, with "God bless our home," in the centre.

Crests for Bandsmen's Caps.

Junior Soldiers' Badges for Local Officers.

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